

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
 OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,721, Vol. 66.

October 20, 1888.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

GERMANY.

IF the young German EMPEROR has any ill-willers, and if their ill-will is matched with a tolerably good wit, they may find a new reason for calling him a "pinchbeck" "FREDERICK the Great." That disastrous quarrel between FREDERICK and M. DE VOLTAIRE, which did so little for the good fame of either, originated, it may be remembered, among other things, in the determination of the Prussian King that he would not have MAUPERTUIS and the Berlin Academy evil spoken of even in jest. The Emperor WILLIAM, ever anxious to follow in the steps of his ancestor, has determined, it seems, that he will not have his German men of science evil spoken of even in earnest. It is almost impossible to conceive a more ill-judged proceeding, from every point of view, than the high-handed suppression of Sir MORELL MACKENZIE's book in Germany. How far we are from saying this in any partisan or pseudo-patriotic spirit will appear in a very few words. We shall deal with the expert and scientific aspect of the quarrel between the English doctor and his German antagonists in the proper place and in the proper manner. Here we shall only refer to it from the point of view of the general critic, whose verdict, so long as he does not touch purely expert points, is not, perhaps, the less valuable from its lack of *expertise*. From this point of view we fear it may be said that the disputants on both sides have equally given handles to their enemies. It will be hard for the German doctors to justify themselves from the charge of a boorish and brutal pedantry; it will be equally hard, we fear, for Sir MORELL MACKENZIE to justify himself from the charge of indiscreet condescension to the curiosity of the vulgar. And if both parties cleared themselves of these equally odious charges, there would still remain chargeable against both, and we fear not refutable by either side, the gross indecency of using the remains and the memory of the illustrious dead as missiles to pelt one another in a paltry professional quarrel.

But, whatever opinion may be formed on this head, the conduct of the German authorities would remain equally unwise and equally on a par with that blundering high-handedness which, if all tales, or even some tales, are true, has set East Africa in a flame against them. Considering the proceedings which are actually going on against the publishers of the Emperor FREDERICK's Diary; considering the cabals and heats which marked that unfortunate monarch's short reign; considering, most of all, the open secret of the quarrel which lay at the bottom of those cabals and heats, nothing could be more clearly incumbent upon the Majesty of Germany than the exercise of a disdainful magnanimity towards the English specialist. A King of Prussia, if not an Emperor of Germany or a German Emperor, is tolerably supreme over Professors and Surgeons-General, and nothing would have been easier for WILLIAM II. than to have ordered and procured a cool and contemptuous reply to order from the purely scientific point of view, the circulation of which would have been the most crushing rejoinder to the unhappily only too popular style of Sir MORELL's book, and which would have been assured of a wider circulation just as the book itself circulated the more widely. As things at present go, the German Government—for the alleged charge of high treason is absurd, unless it charges high treason against good taste, which is a writ hardly returnable in courts of law, though it might certainly run against Sir MORELL's book, from its title-page onward, in *foro elegantie*—has at once stultified itself in the most complicated manner. It has effectually cleared off a large edition and put much money in Sir MORELL's pockets and those of his publishers; it has inflicted heavy loss on a great many retail booksellers who have votes; it has obliged the rather numerous possessors

of the copies actually circulated with a handsome bonus on the cost price of their investment; it has shown itself desperately afraid of the English doctor; taking circulated copies, reviews, newspaper abstracts, and so forth, into consideration, it has probably not prevented one single German, who wishes to know, from knowing what Sir MORELL MACKENZIE has said; and it has presented its own scientific champions in the light of persons who cannot fight their own case without a policeman at their back to throttle, not to silence, assailants. If this is not a Cadmean victory for the master of all the German legions, we are unable to attach any meaning at all to the venerable phrase.

It is to be hoped that the pleasures of the EMPEROR's stay in Italy have compensated him for the annoyances which his own or his advisers' blundering have brought upon him at home in his absence. At Vienna the singular courtesy which, since the apparently luckless House of LORRAINE grafted its good qualities on the stronger but ruder stock of the already Spaniolized HAPSBURGS, has distinguished the House of AUSTRIA may not have consoled a practical HOHENZOLLERN for the pretty obvious absence of general good-will. But further south all things have gone smoothly. Nothing could have been much less like the famous visit to Canossa which the genius of HEINE has pictured in immortal verse than the visit of WILLIAM II. to the Vatican. Appealed to as an arbiter, instead of being put to penance as a rebel, courted by Church and State alike, and being witness of the triumph of the latter instead of its humiliation, the EMPEROR might almost have imagined himself to be the promised avenger of the poem whom Germany should one day bear "to smite" "with the battle-axe the serpent-cause of the Kaiser's" "woes." Or, to change the comparison, as HEINE is not popular with Prussian royalty, to pose at once as a friend of the rebellious State of Italy, and as not the foe of its unyielding Church, would probably not have displeased FREDERICK himself in similar case. It is very easily possible to imagine the mixture of affected cynicism with genuine satisfaction in which he would both have looked forward and referred to the interview. The Emperor WILLIAM can hardly have been unaffected by his own position—one of the strangest that could have been imagined or dilated on by any MACAULAY or MICHELET avid of picturesque situations. In practical importance the interview may not have been particularly rich. It does not appear that WILLIAM II. could help the POPE in his great grievance if he would, and it is hardly probable that the successor of the most brilliant and the strangest of all "Protestant heroes" would help him if he could. In the duel on which Prince BISMARCK deliberately entered with the Holy See years ago, both sides saw that they had more to lose than to gain in fighting *à outrance*. The present POPE, at any rate, is far too experienced a politician, and far too reasonable a man, to demand from the EMPEROR concessions or services which it really does not lie with the EMPEROR to grant; and the EMPEROR, on the other hand, has nothing to ask of the POPE, but that His HOLINESS will persevere in his very becoming attitude. If unofficially and privately the EMPEROR should have suggested to his Royal host that he should as far as possible discourage the silly and suicidal attempts of the party of which King HUMBERT's present Premier is too decided a leader to estrange and irritate, instead of conciliating, one of the most powerful social forces of the Italian Kingdom, it would, no doubt, be a good thing. But it is an awkward thing when a man is on a visit to a neighbouring squire to suggest rectifications in his conduct towards the parson. However this may be, the EMPEROR's progress abroad certainly contrasts very favourably with the pitiable domestic

policy which is being pursued in his absence. We have more than once expressed the opinion that those who have in a manner taken upon themselves to champion the Emperor FREDERICK after his death have shown as little wisdom as taste in their general proceedings. All the more was it incumbent on his son to show a magnanimous indifference to well-meaning, and even to ill-meaning, gossip and tattle. He has not chosen to do so; and we fear that these diaries and documents, though not his own work, will, handled as they have been, do as little good to his memory as the "œuvre de poësie du Roi mon maître" to that of his forerunner and model.

HETEROBIOGRAPHY.

LONG words seem (if we may judge from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who keeps so keen an eye on the public taste that he eats all his own opinions to suit it) to be coming into fashion, though we do not like them much ourselves. We have, however, coined the long word at the top of this article, because it seems to be really wanted. Autobiography all men know to be the process of writing your own biography; but there seems to be a word required for the process of having your biography written for you by some other person without your permission, and to your own amazement. At the end of last week the principal newspaper published in Scotland—a newspaper with all the principles of which we cannot pretend to agree, but which has had the courage to be iconoclastic in the matter of the idolatry of Mr. GLADSTONE—thought it worth while to make some comments on a piece of heterobiography affecting itself. It seems that one of the London evening papers which profess Gladstonianism had taken upon itself to affirm that the advertisements of the *Scotsman* were going down. There is a good deal to be said for the contention that such a remark as this—which but a few years ago would have been impossible in any journal even pretending to respectability, and which in any other line of business than journalism would lead to an action at law with the certainty of heavy damages—had better be left alone. The *Scotsman*, however, did not think so, and opposed a categorical denial with much circumstance to one of the last entries in the "lie" column, as Mr. BALFOUR would say, of Gladstonian journalism.

We confess to having experienced a passing wonder as to the number of columns which a newspaper of distinction would have to expend for the purpose if it took similar notice of all the statements made respecting it. It is rather more than a year since it seemed worth while to point out in these same pages that the *Saturday Review* was not going to be "run" by a syndicate, headed by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. Our own experience since may possibly lead the *Scotsman* to doubt whether it has been well advised in not letting the dogs bark—that is, unless it is prepared to counterbark at every moment. In the course of the last twelve months assertions, of which the following is a carefully selected, but at the same time strictly authentic, list—assertions generally positive, always solemn, have been made in other newspapers about the *Saturday Review* :—

1. *Its proprietors, who are plural, are gravely dissatisfied with its management.*
2. *They are about to sell it for so much.*
3. *They are not about to sell it for so much, but for so much else.*
4. *Its circulation has fallen so many thousands.*
5. *The editor is going to be instantly turned off, and his place supplied by Mr. —.*
6. *The editor is going to the States to lecture, because there is nothing to do here.*
7. *The editor is NOT going to the States to lecture, because it is not safe to leave the "Saturday Review" to its own or anybody else's guidance in its present alarming condition.*
8. *Certain persons on the staff receive so much money, scandalously too much in some cases and too little in others.*
9. *Certain contributors write so many articles a week, and are paid so much for them.*
10. *It is more amusing and clever than ever it was, but is going down.*
11. *It is duller than ever, but is going down.*
12. *It is going to be completely changed in character.*

and a great deal more which we either forget or which is not worth mentioning. Now, if it interests anybody to know the facts, we can here declare, on our honour and conscience, that every one of the above statements is cate-

gorically false (except, perhaps, the unitalicized part of Number 10), and that the majority of them bear evidence on their face of having been concocted by writers who know absolutely nothing about the facts and the persons about whom they are good enough to busy themselves.

This singular dissemination of lies about matters which quite recently were not talked of at all in the pages of any decent journal (though fifty or sixty years ago the traffic in them, if somewhat different in special kind, was active in degree) is a very curious feature of the time. In the best London papers, morning and evening, weekly and daily, it is still almost entirely frowned upon and excluded. In one or two notorious metropolitan prints it is made a principal, if not the principal, attraction. But its mainstay and general market is the "London Correspondent's" article of the country newspapers, especially of those country newspapers which affect the greatest independence of "Cockney" things and the greatest belief in Mr. GLADSTONE's theory of the robust provincial intelligence and the centrifugal habit of political wisdom. Very few, hardly any it may be, of the country and London readers of such matter know how absolutely at the mercy of the most "Cockney" order of "Cockney" journalism those who depend on the "London" column are. The persons who make the whole or a part of their living by supplying this intelligence are, no doubt, of widely different classes in society, but have a strong family likeness, which is particularly evident in their productions to any person who, not being a gutter journalist himself, has had some experience of the ways of gutter journalism. The mere sight of a certain kind of paragraph prepares him for what will follow in the way of repetition and rectification. "The statement made in So-and-so to the effect that such-and-such is not, I believe, correct, but I have good authority for stating." "Although *Chose* has made a mistake in affirming What-its-name, I am informed that Thingum-bob," and so forth. As a general rule the actual "London Correspondent" or the personal editor of the few shady London sheets that admit this kind of matter is only very indirectly responsible for the greater part of the matter he prints. Occasionally, no doubt, personal, literary, or political malignity may prompt the insertion of a direct falsehood by which it is hoped to damage a personal, a literary, or a political enemy. But, as a rule, these paragraphs are simply more or less ingenious embroideries (prompted by the desire to earn half-a-crown) on some previous statement. The person responsible for filling the column, or part of a column, in which they appear knows nothing about their truth and cares nothing. He has to cater to the amount of so many lines of "knowing" tittle-tattle, and, subject only to the fear of actions for libel, from which in some cases he is practically safe, he does cater for the appetite for this kind of ware. He takes out of a less or a larger mass of material, supplied in small quantities by his jackals, as much as will serve his turn, and he pays the jackals accordingly. Imaginative or sensitive persons often believe that there is a dead set made at themselves or their works. It may be so; it certainly is so sometimes. But by far the commoner case is that the gutter journalist, having seen some one else's paragraph, finds it easier to keep the ball rolling and stick to the same subject than to invent. He is a modern edition of the more harmless paragraphist whom CHARLES LAMB has immortalized, only that, instead of being content "never to have seen the worthy deputy in better health," he invents, or caps, or contradicts, or confirms, something about the worthy deputy's wife, or his diseases, or his business affairs, or whatever it may be.

As we have hinted already, the most astonishing thing about these paragraphs is that there should be found persons, not utter fools nor utterly without knowledge of the world, who attach more or less credence to them. It might certainly occur, one would think, to such persons that in matters such as those which we have mentioned, nobody but those immediately concerned is likely to know, and that those immediately concerned are not likely to tell. If it has not occurred to them, we may be excused for repeating it in a somewhat stronger form, which applies to all this paragraph literature where it is not concerned with utterly trivial matters. Those who know don't tell; and those who tell don't know. A benevolent despot might commit a worse crime than to order these words to be set, on pain of heavy penalties, as a perpetual heading at the head of every column of "London Correspondence," "Facts Divers," "Personal," "Notes and News," and so forth.

THE THREATENED COAL STRIKE.

THERE is a hope, which we trust may be well founded, that the threatened great strike in the coal trade may yet be averted. A struggle of the magnitude contemplated would be a serious misfortune to the country. It is estimated that, if it takes place, about 240,000 men and boys in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire will be thrown out of employment. Probably the figures are exaggerated; but, even if we make a liberal deduction, the possibility is that families numbering from three-quarters of a million to a million of persons will for weeks be left without any regular income. This, at the beginning of winter, would involve great hardship and suffering, while it would seriously injure the numerous tradespeople who serve the families of the men on strike. Unfortunately, even this is only a part of the loss that would fall upon the country. Coal is the great instrument of production in modern times, and a stoppage of the supply, making necessary a rise in prices, would affect every industry in the United Kingdom. The iron and steel trades, for example, cannot be carried on without a very large consumption of coal and coke, and a rise in the price of the latter would therefore mean a considerable addition to the cost of working in iron and steel. The shipping trade, again, and railway Companies would also be materially affected. Already freights have risen so considerably that they are interfering with trade in some directions. For example, the rise of homeward freights in Indian ports is checking the export of wheat from India. If the price of steam coal were to be raised considerably, a further advance in freights would follow, and this would still more tend to restrict trade. We refer to iron, shipping, and railways only as instances of what would happen in every branch of industry; and the danger is, therefore, that a strike on the scale threatened would check the revival in trade which has been going on for the last couple of years. All this is a reason for moderation on the part of employers and workpeople. They must bear in mind that it is not only their own special and individual interests that are at stake, but that the whole community likewise is very materially concerned in the issue of their dispute. There seems to be some ground for the demand of the miners for an advance in wages, though the demand itself appears to be excessive. The men contend that the coal trade has improved so considerably that they are justified in asking that the reduction in their wages made three years ago shall be undone, and they demand an advance of 10 per cent. Now it is unquestionable that the coal trade has improved. Fully a year ago we called attention in these columns to the revival in the industry, pointing out, at the same time, that the improvement so far was manifest more in South Wales than in the North of England. Since then the revival has made further progress, and has extended to all parts of the country. The mine-owners admit all this; but they allege that the improvement has been in volume of business, not in prices, and that they cannot afford the rise in wages asked for them. The mine-owners of Lancashire, however, offer an advance of 5 per cent., and promise that if their offer is accepted they will make a further advance of 5 per cent., should the whole 10 per cent. demanded by the men be conceded in other districts. This offer seems a proof that the revival in the coal trade has already gone far enough to justify a considerable advance in wages, and to a certain extent, therefore, it bears out the men's contention—all the more because at a few collieries the full 10 per cent. has been given. It is unfortunate that the Lancashire miners deem themselves bound in honour to the miners elsewhere to refuse the offer of their employers; but we trust that they may be induced to reconsider their decision and accept the offer. Even from a narrow, selfish point of view, it would be advisable to do so. The men would receive at once and without cost to themselves half the advance which they demand, and they would make it morally impossible for the mine-owners elsewhere to refuse an equivalent advance. The miners of Lancashire, as well as elsewhere, should bear in mind that it is better to get half what they ask for without fighting, than to submit to the hardship and suffering which a long-continued strike would involve and gain the total amount in the end, and they should likewise bear in mind that it is by no means certain they will win in the struggle.

The Yorkshire mine-owners, at all events, appear to be convinced that the Unions are so poorly provided with funds that they would not be able to give strike-money for

more than a few weeks, and no doubt they are right in the opinion that very small contributions in money will be obtained from sources outside the Unions. The Yorkshire mine-owners may of course be misinformed, though the probability is the other way; but, if they are right, this is a further reason why the Lancashire men should accept the offer of their employers. The dispute, then, is evidently one for a compromise. A portion of the employers admit part of the contention of the men, and are willing to grant half what is asked for, while a few give the whole. Is it not possible by tact and good temper to bring about an arrangement? Might not a 5 per cent. advance be given everywhere at once, and a further advance be promised at a definite date on specified conditions? Or might not the suggestion of some of the employers be acted on, that a sliding scale and a board of arbitration should be universally adopted? In some districts the men look with suspicion upon the suggestion. They urge that, in the time of depression through which we have passed, the employers found no difficulty in getting rid of the sliding scale when they wanted to reduce wages, and they allege also that even now where a sliding scale is in force it is not fairly worked. The latter allegation is mere suspicion, for it is practically admitted that it cannot be proved. But it surely is not impossible to improve the machinery, so that even suspicion in the future can be prevented, and arrangements might be made which would render it impossible for either party to reject arbitration in a manner that would be unfair to the other. At all events, some compromise ought to be adopted in the interest of both parties as well as of the whole community. It is not surprising that the dispute should suggest the advisability of an amalgamation of all the great coal properties of the country. It is said that some of those interested have in contemplation the formation of a great Company which shall buy up the whole of the coal-mines of Great Britain, and it is loosely stated that the capital is to be about eighty millions sterling. From the point of view of the mine-owners the idea is, no doubt, seductive. One great Company can deal much more effectively with the workpeople than a multitude of private owners scattered over the country. Besides, one great Company can promptly raise or lower prices as the state of trade and keenness of foreign competition render advisable; while such a great Company would practically create a monopoly of the whole trade. Nor need there be any very serious financial difficulty in carrying out the idea, provided capitalists can be convinced—first, that a practical monopoly can be established; secondly, that it would lead to a very considerable saving in working expenses; and, thirdly, that it could maintain prices at a more remunerative figure than they have been at for the past twelve or fifteen years. If capitalists were satisfied on these points the money would be found. It is, of course, hardly necessary to say that, supposing the capital were fixed at 80 millions, or any other sum, the whole of it need not be raised, for the selling mine-owners would, as a matter of course, take part of the purchase-money in shares of the Company, and it may be added that, in all probability, only part of the remainder would need to be at once called up. The idea, then, being practical under certain conditions, and being very seductive to the mine-owners, it would not be surprising if an attempt were made to carry it into execution.

But, while the great coal monopoly would be advantageous to the mine-owners, and might be made tempting to capitalists, it would certainly not benefit the country at large. The objections to it are of the same kind as those which may be urged against the salt monopoly actually established. The salt-owners admit that excessive competition has been injurious to the trade for years past, yet the investing public were so keen last week to obtain shares in the new Company that they ran those shares at one time to a premium of 8*l*. Doubtless there is a wide difference between the capital of the Salt Union and the estimated capital of the suggested coal monopoly, and yet it is not impossible that even the coal shares may be run to a high premium. All the same, the objections, from the national point of view, are strong in both cases. Granting that an amalgamation will effect considerable savings in the case of salt, and would do the same if a monopoly were established in coal, yet the savings on the staffs standing alone would not ensure large dividends to the shareholders; therefore profits must be made by raising prices. Now it is to be recollected that both salt and coal are widely distributed over the earth's surface. England acquired pre-eminence in both trades because salt and coal both lay near the seaboard, and our

vast accumulated capital and supply of machinery enabled us to work more cheaply than our foreign competitors. But if we now, by means of combination, raise prices, we throw away part at least of the advantage which hitherto has enabled us to beat those competitors. It is to be recollected that in iron and steel foreign competition is already pushing us hard. We feel the effects of Germany and Belgium everywhere, and we have for the past twelve years been entirely shut out of the United States market. No doubt the latter effect has been obtained by means of a prohibitory tariff; but the iron industry in the United States has been so developed that it could probably hold its own even if the tariff were swept away. We might find that what has already happened in the case of iron and steel will happen also in that of salt and coal, if prices are materially raised; but if they are not materially raised, how are the Salt Union and the suggested coal monopoly to pay higher wages to the workpeople and good dividends to the shareholders? The real difficulty in the coal trade is this, that the prices which prevailed before 1875 induced too great a development of the industry. By means of protective tariffs we have since been shut out from many of the markets of the world, and the consumption of our coal is not equal to our productive capacity. Now if a great Company were to be formed for the purpose of buying up the coal-mines cheaply, with the intention of closing such of them as cannot be worked at a profit at the average price of the past twelve years, an advantage no doubt would accrue. But to form a Company for the purpose of buying up all the mines at a price which the owners themselves fix will necessitate keeping open all the mines, and forcing up prices so as to make their working possible. It follows as a matter of course that the Company must restrict trade, and therefore in the long run prove a failure.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

OF all places in the world Trafalgar Square is, perhaps, the last in which a statue of GORDON should be placed. Neither the works of British art which stand there after the manner of the abomination of desolation, nor the recent performances in that open space, are worthy of a hero. But the sight of GORDON's statue anywhere in London may at least remind all passers-by of their duty to his memory. Not much did England ever succeed in doing for GORDON while he lived, in spite of all the lives that offered themselves vainly for his rescue. It only remains to honour him with the only honour he would have cared for—not by statues, but by continuing his work and endeavouring to follow in his way. Of his peaceful efforts to make men better and happier, none was more sympathetic than his care for the education of boys. Colonel BEATY-POWNALL has opportunely chosen the moment of the unveiling of GORDON's monument to speak for the cause of the Boys' Home which bears his name. Money is needed for the ordinary work of the Home, and for the new buildings at Chobham. This is an enterprise which can hardly receive too much assistance, and in aiding which every one may feel certain that he is not wasting a subscription. The object of the Home is to save boys from the miserable life of street loafers, and to make them good citizens, good men, and, if their tastes are in that direction, good soldiers and sailors. Food, discipline, education are secured for little fellows in almost equal need of all of these. The best advertisement of the Gordon Home (as all things must be advertised) is the sight of the boys, of their honest brown faces, and erect bearing. Every one, unluckily, cannot see these for himself, but the statue of GORDON may at least remind us of the duty of adding to their numbers, and to the efficiency of the school which trains them. As a rule, the mere process of signing a cheque for a charity is rather depressing than otherwise. The giver hopes, not very hopefully, that he is doing good to somebody. In the case of the Gordon Home the excellence of the results is, as far as things human may be, outside the range of doubt. The giver is actually helping to make men of the right sort, of GORDON's sort. This is a luxury much beyond any other that can be purchased with silver and gold; it is also the satisfaction of a sentiment. For it is certain, apart from all political prepossessions, that GORDON combined, in a degree which history can scarcely parallel, the greatest virtues of men—courage, self-denial, kindness, and love of country. Of all Englishmen, of our generation, or indeed of our century, he most undeniably combined a saintly life with the rare power of arousing personal affection for

himself, even among those who had never seen his face. If we can imagine a modern military St. FRANCIS, GORDON was he. People who have once felt this, and to feel it one need do no more than read his *Letters from Central Africa*, written before the hubbub of politics rose about his name, will deny themselves many things rather than the pleasure of continuing his peaceful work, and perpetuating the glorious memory of a stainless and fearless Englishman. As a kindness to persons who have the money to spare, "the heart for to spend it," and a short memory for addresses, we may mention that subscriptions for the Gordon Boys' Home will be welcomed by Lieutenant-Colonel BEATY-POWNALL, 30 Cockspur Street, S.W. He gives twice who gives quickly; but there is no reason why he who gives quickly should not "mak' sikker" by giving twice, if he happens to have sent in a yearly subscription already.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

IT would appear that the star of the present Ameer of AFGHANISTAN has again triumphed; and that ISHAK KHAN, at first sight perhaps the most formidable opponent that his kinsman has had to meet, has gone to seek the refuge always open to Afghan pretenders in Russian Turkestan. ISHAK's defeat was probable from the moment when it was seen that he was standing on the defensive, and that the movement in his favour did not spread. Indeed, Afghan Ameer, like the sovereigns of some composite monarchies in Europe, have a certain compensation for the want of solidarity of their subject populations in the fact that they can generally rely on mutual hatred between the different tribes. The resource is not invariably to be trusted, but it is good as long as it lasts. An Afghan pretender, however, is never disposed of so long as he is alive—a doctrine thoroughly understood and acted upon by the rulers of Cabul—and we may hear again of ISHAK after a short interval. Meanwhile, he will probably reside quietly enough in some Russian town, and may perhaps beguile his exile by going to see the singular museums of cast-off British boots which, according to recent reports, attest the doughty deeds of the ALIKHANOFFS and the KOMAROFFS. The principles of the immortal TARTARIN would seem, if these stories are true, to be well understood in the Transcaspian province. ISHAK may be useful to the Russians when the time comes for next advocating a partition of Afghanistan, or for advancing a pretender to the throne of the undivided country. But they are themselves far too well acquainted with Afghan character not to know that he is quite as likely to present himself as a British candidate if he has the opportunity. Bitter personal hatred may sometimes keep an Afghan steady to one side against temptation, though even that is doubtful; it is hardly in the power of benefits, which he well knows are purely selfish and interested, to secure him against the highest bidder.

The news from the Black Mountain expedition is also, on the whole, good; though here it is more especially necessary to remember the extreme instability of the conditions. The war here is of almost exactly the same character as the wars in the Scottish Highlands, where the presence of a large number of small clans made it at any time possible that a formidable combination might dwindle or break up entirely, while, on the other hand, a few broken fugitives might in a day or two become the centre of a formidable combination. General McQUEEN appears to have planned the work of his columns well, and the columns seem to have carried out the plan, on the whole, excellently, though we trust that the contradiction of the occupation of Siri will be itself contradicted. Nothing is more likely to induce the tribes to come in than the belief that we shall stay in their country till they do; but, on the other hand, nothing is more certain than that, if some nominal arrangement is come to, and we go away, they will break out again just as soon as there is temptation and occasion. The relatively considerable scale on which the expedition was organized has, no doubt, had much to do with its success; but it has also, of course, increased its cost. And there are some excellent persons, not by any means entirely ignorant of the matter, and not even always prejudiced advocates of "Backward," who are seriously disturbed at the increasing cost of the defence of India, who urge that only the precarious and decreasing opium revenue stands between the finances and bankruptcy, and who, in other ways, cry lamentation, and mourning,

and woe. To which it can only be replied that insufficiency or precariousness of income may be a very good reason for cutting off superfluities, but can never be any reason for neglecting the defence of a country. It may be, and is, lamentable that those voices were not listened to which pointed out—long ago, and when means of checking the progress of foreign Powers were obvious and easy—that, if such a check were not administered, vastly increased expenditure on the Indian military services was a mathematical and unavoidable necessity. But they were not listened to; and it is too late to grumble at the alternative, which was or ought to have been deliberately foreseen and allowed for. In such matters, moreover, as this Black Mountain expedition, it can hardly be said with any fairness that the expenditure was avoidable, except by the undertaking, long ago, of a bold policy of annexation. So that here again we have a case of crying over spilt milk. Yet again, it may be observed that these districts, and those further ones to which they lead, would supply a very excellent recruiting-ground—a recruiting-ground which is much wanted at a time when complaints are being made that some of our best old recruiting-grounds are falling off in productiveness, and when it is practically acknowledged that part at least of the stuff of the Indian army might be improved in quality with very considerable advantage. One of the very first and simplest rules of policy is to convert a poacher into a gamekeeper wherever you can; and it is one which of late years has been rather more intelligently and much more extensively carried out by Russia than by England.

No further warlike news comes from Sikkim, and it would appear that the fight at the Jalapla has, for the present at any rate, both stayed the stomach of the Lamas for fighting and broken their power to fight. It would be rather interesting to know (and hitherto very little information seems to have been forthcoming on the point) what were the causes which determined the RAJAH to take, as he apparently did take, sides with the invaders. A man does not generally quarrel with persons from whom he receives six-sevenths of his income for the sake of those from whom he receives the other seventh only; and, whatever the Thibetans may have thought that they had to fear from the extension of Indian commerce into their country, it is far from obvious what cause of alarm the RAJAH can have supposed himself to have in such an extension. If he was afraid of being absorbed, instead of merely protected, no possible course could have been so likely to bring about that absorption as the one he adopted. It is, however, very likely that some personal influence not generally understood was at the bottom of the affair. There has not, it is believed, been very much intercourse between the RAJAH and his English paymasters and superiors; but that is a matter which can be easily remedied. Nor should it be difficult for a "political" who knows his business to induce the Thibetans themselves to see the error of their ways. Between nations as between individuals, a good sound beating administered by one to the other is not unfrequently the beginning of an excellent understanding. There ought to be no difficulty in making clear to those who are responsible that nothing is further from the English views than to meddle with Thibetan independence or with the rather indefinable blend of independence and vassalage to China which now exists. We should be mad, indeed, if we wished to take from a friendly Power (which in the recent instances of Yarkand and Kuldja has shown a remarkable capacity of performing the difficult task) the guardianship of such a region as that between the Himalaya and the Kuen Lun, and to lay it on our own shoulders. But increased intercourse between the regions north and the regions south of the Himalaya itself cannot fail to benefit both. It is certain that the inhabitants of Thibet would, if their rulers would let them, very gladly take Indian and English products, and it is also certain that both English and Indian products will be very glad of a new market. Any foreigner who likes is quite entitled to laugh at the traditional British proceeding of insisting that a man shall buy British commodities or else taste the British cudgel. But, like a good many other English traditions, there is better sense in it than appears on the surface. Moreover, it is only fair to remember once more that in this particular case the position is reversed. For it is not the Briton who says, "If you will not buy of me I will invade your country," but the Thibetan who says, "If you will persist in selling I will invade yours." And even a member of the Peace Society might feel doubts as to the proper application of his principles in such a topsyturvy case as this.

M. FLOQUET'S REVISION SCHEME.

THE limited approval given by the Chamber of Deputies to M. FLOQUET's Revision scheme was to be expected. A majority of the Chamber had already decided in the course of last Session that the Constitution needed to be revised. It is true that this majority is composed of parties differing very widely from one another. Radicals, Conservatives, and Boulangists have distinct aims, but at least they agree in disliking the existing Constitution. They can, therefore, combine to bring it into question, and as yet they have done no more. M. FLOQUET's scheme is not accepted. It is only referred to a Committee along with other plans. The Premier does not himself pretend to limit the power of the Congress which is to recast the Constitution. When that party meets, it will do as it pleases. The composite majority can, therefore, afford to allow M. FLOQUET's *chinoiserie* to go before a Committee, since by doing so it only reaffirms a previous vote, and asserts that some form of revision or another is needed. Opposition could only have come from the Moderate Republicans, who are opposed to any revision. But they by their very nature are unable to fight. A moderate man is a person who yields, and the French Centres are eminently moderate. M. FLOQUET says to them, If you refer my scheme to a Committee you do not accept it. You only allow it to be discussed, and may vote against it later on if you please. On the other hand, by refusing the reference, you will show the Conservatives that the Republicans are hopelessly divided on a question of principle. Consider what a disaster that would be. The Moderates have considered, and have shown for the twentieth time that Republican concentration means surrender to the Radicals. They think that revision is dangerous and unnecessary. But M. FLOQUET is determined to trump General BOULANGER's cards; and so the Moderates have yielded. M. FERRY, who has just been swearing that further surrender would be fatal, abstained. A mere handful followed M. RIBOT in resistance to the reference, and so the most unstable Government in Europe has given one more proof of instability.

The scheme itself shows that the spirit of the Abbé SIEYES is not extinct in France. Sufficient justice has hardly been done to the futile cleverness of the thing. It is in intention an attempt to repeat the manœuvre by which the Whig Parliament of GEORGE I. avoided the danger of a Tory reaction. M. FLOQUET proposes to shirk the risk of general elections by providing for the partial renewal of the Chamber every other year. His intention is that the revision should be carried through by the existing Chamber. At the same time he attempts to put a stop to Ministerial instability by establishing the rule that no Cabinet shall be upset except by a direct vote of want of confidence. Every Ministry is to require, however, a fresh vote of confidence at the end of two years. The President and the Senate will, in this way, be reduced to complete insignificance, since they will be deprived of their one effective weapon—the power of forcing on a dissolution. The Senate is to be elected by universal suffrage—the remaining Life-Senators being abolished, apparently—and, in order that its impotence may be put beyond question, it is to be deprived of its power of vetoing Bills, which is to be replaced by a limited power of suspension. It is obvious that such a scheme as this is admirably adapted to throw the whole political power of France nominally, as well as really, into the hands of the Chamber. The President and the Senate would become mere ornaments more thoroughly than they are at present. The Chamber would be relieved of all fear of dismissal at a general election; and the one check still imposed on it would be removed. On the supposition that two or three things happen, M. FLOQUET's scheme may be allowed to be very clever. If the Senate agrees to its own extinction; if President CARNOT does not pluck up spirit to combine with the Senators in order to force on a dissolution; if the Conservatives do not band with the Senators and Moderate Republicans in the Congress to defeat a measure directed against themselves; if the Moderates have not even the spirit to defeat attacks on the Constitution by throwing out every Revision scheme by successive coalitions, then M. FLOQUET may carry his plan. When he has done that, the greatest "if" of all will have to be faced—namely, the question whether France, which has no great reverence for any political institution, will allow the Chamber to make itself absolute. Revision has been forced on simply by the

spread of a belief that the Chamber of Deputies is incapable of governing, will allow nobody else to govern, and is by no means free from suspicion of corruption. In answer to this demand M. FLOQUER presents a plan by which the supremacy of this very Chamber would be legally established and the one means of getting quietly rid of it destroyed. It is hard to say which is the more remarkable about the thing—its cool audacity or the fatuous belief of its author that, after a century of confusion and destruction, France can be tied tight by his rattletrap. M. FLOQUER shows an almost colossal belief in the stupidity of mankind when he tries to satisfy the desire of the country for more control over its Government by filching the little it has. His confidence is not wholly unjustified; but he must remember that he has not only intelligence to fear, but hatreds, prejudices, and interests—things whereof the working is more completely to be relied on.

MR. BALFOUR AT HADDINGTON.

IT must be an agreeable change to Mr. BALFOUR to be able to make a speech which has not to be wholly devoted to the task of exposing Gladstonian falsehoods. One can have enough of a good thing; and, though there must be a certain pleasure in doing work which no one else can do with more brilliant effect than the CHIEF SECRETARY, we are glad that he has at last felt himself at liberty to discuss other subjects than the administration of the Crimes Act and the treatment of imprisoned Irish patriots. He may do so with the less hesitation because he has lately, thanks to the polemical temerity of Mr. MORLEY, been enabled to complete the business of confutation by the epistolary in place of the oratorical method. The singular game of controversial "double dummy," in which Mr. MORLEY, Mr. BALFOUR's private secretary, and two unknown and mute correspondents have been the players, is not perhaps the most convenient way of carrying on a political controversy; but Unionists have no cause to quarrel with its results in the present instance. They have every right to maintain that their side has won the rubber, and may even contend that they would have done so without the assistance of Mr. MORLEY's glaring revoke. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. BALFOUR's opponent would, by his singularly inept and careless play, have ruined a much better hand than he held, though he might have made a much more creditable fight of it had he had the good sense, to say nothing of the straightforwardness, to admit his initial error. As it is, he compels us to say with great regret that the moral defects which he had displayed in the conduct of his game are even graver than its tactical oversights. When a speaker, who is dwelling upon an alleged hardship or injustice in the administration of the law, says to his audience "I have not time to go into other cases, but 'I will tell you of one case,' it is painful, indeed, to all who wish to retain their respect for him, to find him afterwards protesting, on the 'one case' being shown to tell against; instead of for, him, that he never cited it as an illustration of the alleged hardship and injustice, and adding that he now finds it will serve excellently well as an illustration of another complaint with which at the time he was not dealing at all. The unanimous conclusion, we fear, must be, that Mr. MORLEY quoted a case of which he had formed a totally wrong impression, and that when his error was pointed out to him, his—what shall we say?—his fidelity to Mr. GLADSTONE induced him to take the course which Mr. GLADSTONE has again and again taken in similar circumstances, but which, before his close association with that distinguished person, it certainly was not Mr. MORLEY's own habit to adopt.

Relieved of the duty of dealing with controversial matter of this kind, Mr. BALFOUR was able at the complimentary dinner given to him by the Unionists of Haddingtonshire to discuss the political situation at large. With his remarks on the existing relations between the Conservative and Liberal sections of the Unionist party we can thoroughly concur. There is no valid reason for desiring that "closer" and more intimate union of the Unionist party" which some people profess so much anxiety to bring about, while there are, as Mr. BALFOUR points out, reasons of considerable weight for discountenancing any attempt to effect that union. To us, indeed, it is not a little surprising that any sincere Unionist, be he Liberal or Conservative, should be found to seriously advocate anything of the kind. We believe, indeed, that the number of sincere Unionists who

do so is very small indeed; but still such persons exist, and we confess that their existence puzzles us. We should have thought that the very insistence with which the Gladstonians urge the fusion of the two sections of the Unionist party would have been enough to arouse their suspicions of the wisdom of such a step. Surely anyone can see that the repeated challenges addressed by the Gladstonians to Lord HARTINGTON and his followers to cross the House of Commons and definitively take their place among the Conservatives are no mere rhetorical taunts, having no other purpose than to wound. Beyond all question they have a much more practical object than this, and represent advice which those who offer it would rejoice indeed to see taken. The puerile and ill-bred complaints of the action of Lord HARTINGTON and his colleagues of Privy Councillors' rank in retaining the seats to which usage entitles them on the Front Opposition Bench have in reality been aroused, not by the "inconvenience" which is the professed ground of grievance, but by one of quite another kind. What really excites the anger of the Gladstonians is, not the arrangement itself, but its bearing on the political situation which it so eloquently symbolizes. The real "inconvenience" which Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers resent is the mute declaration perpetually conveyed by the presence among them of their Unionist companions, that a body of politicians whom the whole country respects combine fidelity to the Union with so much attachment to the name and privileges of Liberals that they will not permit themselves to be driven out of their party by mere "cold shoulder" of the majority. And since the one hope of the Separatists—the object for which they labour night and day—is to persuade the country that Liberalism and Separatism are convertible terms, it is no wonder that they resent an attitude and a line of conduct which so emphatically gives the lie to that pretension. But why any Unionist should object to this is more than we have ever been able to comprehend. One would have supposed it to be plain enough for the plainest of "plain men's" understanding that since it was the operation of the party system which brought the United Kingdom within measurable distance of disruption two years ago, it must be to the interest of every Unionist to prevent that system re-establishing itself in its pernicious purity, so long at any rate as the recurrence of the peril from which the nation has escaped remains within the range of political possibilities.

Addressing a Scottish audience it was natural and fitting that Mr. BALFOUR should rehearse the thrice-told tale of the Union between Scotland and England, and should insist upon the conclusive answer which it affords to those belated students of history who, with Mr. GLADSTONE at their head, have just discovered in the alleged eighty years' "failure" of the union with Ireland a reason, not for reverting to the relation to which that measure put an end, but for establishing institutions of an even more objectionable and dangerous character. Mr. BALFOUR did well to remind his hearers, not only that the Scottish Union was effected against the will of the vast majority of the people of Scotland and against the "nationalism" and "patriotism" of the day, but that, even after generations had passed, it was possible to find traces of this feeling in "perhaps the calmest, perhaps the most philosophic, perhaps the least passionate intellect which Scotland has ever produced." It is undoubtedly a fact of no light significance, and, properly interpreted, of no little reassurance in its bearing on our present relations with Ireland, that the Scottish Union failed, even after so many years of its existence, to commend itself to the approval of a judgment like that of DAVID HUME. Such a circumstance should, at the very least, avail as a corrective of that mood of premature despair which it is the cue of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers to foster in the more unstable of English minds. And the comparison between the Scotch and Irish cases will become even more encouraging when we take into consideration the immense differences in the operation of the English party system in the last and in the present century respectively. Dissatisfied as Scotchmen for a long time were with the Settlement of 1707, they were never at any moment without that strongest of all reconciliatory influences—a recognition of the irrevocable. No Scottish Nationalist ever believed or hoped that the Union he so much disliked could be dissolved; no English party ever favoured such a notion; no English politician ever raised the faintest hope of its being entertained. The two countries were, and knew themselves to be, united for better or worse, and it came naturally to the sensible and

practical genius of Scotchmen to resolve that it should be union for the better. It would be idle flattery of the Irish people to ascribe to them anything like an equal measure of the qualities which have enabled the Scotch to learn so thoroughly the lesson of contentment; but it is only fair to Irishmen to admit that the later conditions of English political life under the developed party system have exposed them to temptations from which Scottish Nationalists were exempt, and deprived them of those inducements to make the best of the bargain which Scottish Nationalists had always with them. The Irish Union has had a history very different from that of the Scotch. For a full half of the period during which it has lasted the demand for its repeal has existed, at any rate in the form of a "cry"; and for a considerable part of that time it has been the watchword, under one name or another, of a definite political organization. And though its adoption by an historical English party was scandalously sudden at the last, it is impossible to deny that our Irish policy has for many years past been such as to make it worth the while of Irish agitators to trade upon a pretended popular desire for the repeal of the Union, and to make it possible for them to delude the weaker-minded order of Englishmen into the belief that such a desire exists. If our political history from 1707 onwards had run a similar course, there would probably have been many more Scotchmen ready to re-echo and improve upon the Nationalist sentiments of DAVID HUME when the last century was drawing to its close.

THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

THE article on the munificent gift of the Company of Goldsmiths to the cause of technical education which appeared in last week's number has elicited a curious fact which ought to be more widely known, and we hasten to take notice of it without any delay. We are informed, on authority which cannot be impeached, that the Company carry on their Hall-marking operations, not only without any profit, but with an annual loss. This circumstance should certainly be placed to their credit. The Goldsmiths' Company have always discharged the duties which are entrusted to them in connexion with their Assay Office without making any income from them. The point is of the more importance because, as we endeavoured last week to show, a further alteration in the Hall-marking laws would affect the funds of the Company.

SHAKSPEARE IN FRANCE.

"THAT English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other, God speak this amen!" is a prayer of Queen ISABEL's, which the winds have blown unfulfilled away. The statue of SHAKSPEARE presented by Mr. WILLIAM KNIGHTON to the city of Paris represents a poet who can never be as much to France as MOLIÈRE is to Englishmen. Already the French newspapers have remembered or discovered the unlucky play of *Henry VI.* If SHAKSPEARE wrote it, his apology is far to seek, if not impossible to find. National hatreds and religious prejudices ought never to have blinded him to the immortal lustre of the Maiden of Orleans. Indeed, it is impossible to defend SHAKSPEARE from the charge of deliberately shutting his eyes and currying favour with the groundlings if he either wrote or adopted the character of JOAN. It is a performance which, like certain leading articles of old, "makes an Englishman ill." An extraordinary bad fortune in art has pursued JOAN. Her only authentic portrait, on a church window, was broken by a French mob, possibly patriotic, but certainly misguided. The greatest of mortal wits, VOLTAIRE, generally justified, in parts of *La Pucelle*, WORDSWORTH's amazing remark that he is "dull," as he was undeniably dirty. CHAPELAIN meant no harm; but in his epic he did no good to the memory of the Maiden, and the modern statues to her honour cannot satisfy her English or her French devotees. It has been oddly suggested that we should have a statue of her in England, as if a piece of British sculpture would be likely to redeem her ill fortune in so many artistic hands.

Henry VI. is, happily, not the only play of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. But it is not in the nature of things that his drama should ever be really popular in France. Everything is against him with the multitude, and he seldom

quite pleases even scholars and students. His undeniable and often whimsical caprice, his puns, his oddities of expression, his rural humourists, his untrammelled contempt for unities and classical restrictions, are necessarily tedious and odious to the countrymen of RACINE and VOLTAIRE. A French critic has remarked that the Germans take him up to spite the French. Perhaps they are capable of it, but one fancies that the Germans have busied themselves with SHAKSPEARE less for love of his poetry than because he offers such a vast field and so many problems to conjecture and erudition. If all the classics perished, SHAKSPEARE would remain a happy hunting-ground of scholiasts. In France, even when *le vieux Williams* was an idol of Romanticism, it may be guessed that his faults were not found the least amiable portion of his work. Here were good Toledo blades, here was 'ERECLES vein, here mere bloodshed, daggers, passion in tatters, and many a massacre *coram populo*. Of course men like GAUTIER felt the romance of *As You Like It* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and it is impossible that poets should miss the poetry of *Hamlet*. But it may be guessed that SHAKSPEARE was welcomed less for his immortal qualities than for his differences from RACINE and CORNEILLE, and all that loves a *perruque*. In M. JULES LEMAITRE's criticism of M. MOUNET SULLY's *Hamlet*, it is plain that the reviewer thinks RACINE could have written a better *Hamlet*, if (like WILLIAM WORDSWORTH) "he had had the mind." French opinion remains as it was in that earliest French reference to SHAKSPEARE which M. JUSSERAND lately discovered. SHAKSPEARE is to them a rude genius, a man of considerable parts almost hidden by monstrous blemishes of taste. M. JULES CLARETIE is reported to have said that "nowhere had SHAKSPEARE been 'more ardently worshipped than in France.' Nowhere, and never more ardently, we may add, than by M. PHILOXÈNE BOYER, but not by the other eighty, when

Dans les salons de Philoxène
Nous étions quatre-vingts rimeurs.

SHAKSPEARE has been admirably acted on the French stage, as by M. MOUNET SULLY, for example, but it is not in the nature of things that he should be read in France as MOLIÈRE is read in England. For the social life which MOLIÈRE handles has not become obsolete in any civilized country, while there are a score of Shakspearian fields of romance in which a Frenchman either feels lost or feels that he has an intelligent but unaccountable savage for his guide. How many Englishmen are precisely in the same predicament is a matter they keep to themselves, though one, at least, knows that SHAKSPEARE does not suit "a nineteenth century audience."

THE POLICE.

THE series of papers on the police and their traducers, published in the *St. James's Gazette*, may be fairly considered as a commentary on Sir CHARLES WARREN's Report. A newspaper of respectability, which is on the side of common sense and decency, does not invent its information, and the facts contained in these papers may be taken to have been derived from a proper source. For the rest, they only state with greater detail and more precision what every fair-minded man already knows to be the truth—namely, that the police are as thoroughly efficient as their numbers allow for the work of patrol and prevention; and, further, are more efficient for purposes of detection than their sentimental or dishonest critics allow. As an example of the kind of attack made on them, nothing can be more instructive than the assertion that in 1887 nineteen murders went unpunished through the blundering of the police. To prove this accusation a list is drawn up of all the verdicts of wilful murder found by coroners' juries in the metropolitan counties, whether within or without the Metropolitan Police district. There were twenty-seven of them. Then it is shown that only eight convictions for murder were secured at the Assizes. Then the deduction is drawn that nineteen murderers escaped uncaught. This startling result is secured by a free use of the art of garbling in the proper sense of the word. No notice is taken of the fact that in many cases what a coroner's jury calls wilful murder is found at the Assizes to be manslaughter. Also these honest critics forgot to repeat, what was distinctly stated in the Report from which they profess to draw their information, that the periods embraced in the Police and Coroners'

Reports do not coincide by several months. After such an instance of the honesty of the critics of the police, we should know, if we had ever been in doubt, what to think of the value of their criticism.

The disgust which mendacity on this scale would naturally cause is happily tempered by the abundant evidence that the shameful attempt to raise a howl against the police has met with a deservedly ignoble failure. London is not terrified, and nobody (putting aside a few silly people who do not know the meaning of words) professes to believe the police inefficient except those who, either in their own persons or by their friends, have had disagreeable experience of their efficiency. The whole outcry has been fictitious from the beginning. This is more than we might have hoped for. Within the last twenty-five years or so, Englishmen in general and Londoners in particular have developed a tendency towards panic and shrieking excitement of the sentimental kind. Large assertions, exaggerated talk of all kinds, have been accepted on trust, and the country has been set ringing with clamour on very trumpery occasion. The sentimental spouter, instead of being consigned to the nearest horsepond, for which he is so very fit, has been listened to as he rarely was before. The mendacity born of that wretched earnestness which is mostly nerves has been rampant. In the natural course of things it has become allied to the other species of mendacity which is wholly spite. Between them they have repeatedly set England jibbering like a madhouse. Under the pressure applied by this folly, Ministers and officials have lost their heads, and become as foolish as the mob. After this experience, it might have been feared that the Whitechapel murders would set another panic on foot. Certainly the gushers and other liars, conscious and unconscious, have not been wanting to themselves. Happily they have failed most completely. They have screamed and lied and garbled to no purpose—"Geruhig bleibt am Ende 'Meer und Land.'" Nobody is frightened, nobody proposes to rush on the police. A belated gusher here and there proposes that somebody should charge; but he remains quiet himself in the back parlour. This frost—to draw on the expressive slang of the stage—is one of the most encouraging things we have noticed for some time. It may fairly be taken as a sign that the common sense of the English people is getting on its legs again.

APPLES AND PEARS.

THE formation of a Fruit Growers' Association at the Crystal Palace the other day and the Conference on Apples and Pears at Chiswick this week have brought the question of hardy fruit culture once more to the front. Once more do the farmers' friends point the ways—they are legion—to the profitable cultivation of fruit, and ask indignantly why some six or seven millions of money should be annually expended on foreign fruit. Sensible people, in the meanwhile, do not look for any one panacea for agricultural distress. The great "jam" project is already gone into the limbo of similar quackeries. The splendid exhibition at Chiswick will, it is to be hoped, be of real practical service by stimulating enterprise in new directions. The average visitor, of course, sees nothing but the most convincing evidence of the highest culture. He notes with admiration the thousands of samples of beautiful and aromatic fruit, perfect in scent and form, in colour and flavour, and is unwilling to believe that anything approaching the scientific culture of the pear and the apple is almost unknown in the country at large. And the show at Chiswick will not have been a vain show if it stirs growers to more effective competition with foreign growers. The neglect of apple culture, especially in the so-called cider counties, is deplorable. It is not, as Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE remarked, the fault of our much-abused climate. What we want is more care, more intelligence, more knowledge. It is necessary to distinguish between what has been or may be accomplished by the cultivator in the open, say in three- or four-acre fields, and the selected exhibition fruits at Chiswick. The last represent the triumph of skilled gardeners, aided by all the resources of wealth and science. No one but a visionary expects to see such fruit produced by the acre. But there is ample room for improvement, as well as the certainty of larger profits, between such unattainable results and the present wretched average of the apple crop of the country. With respect to apples, there is marvellously little fine fruit grown in England for dessert

or culinary purposes, and the little that reaches the market is seldom in a condition to compete with the carefully harvested and admirably packed fruit of the American grower. Slovenly picking and packing is the rule, not the exception, in this country. If we are to believe some recent writers on dairy farming, the same ignorance of packing is shown in forwarding butter and eggs to market, one authority going so far as to declare that this carelessness was a strong ally of the foreigner. Ill prepared for the market as English apples and pears commonly are, the lack of enterprise and intelligence is quite as conspicuous in other matters. The method of cultivation—beyond the legitimate sphere of the gardener—is generally that of the old-fashioned orchard. The choice of varieties is scarcely studied at all. The variability of certain famous apples, like the "Blenheim 'orange,'" is by no means universally understood. Once a "Blenheim" always a "Blenheim," is the view of the average farmer. He will grow the sorts his father grew before him, just as some farmers insist upon growing a little wheat annually, because there has always been wheat on the farm. If he intends to plant apples, guided by a nurseryman's catalogue, a dreadful task is before him. He has to determine on some dozen or so of named sorts that are best adapted to his land, and he has to deal with a formidable list, two-thirds of which, at least, are absolutely worthless for his or any other purpose. Then he plants his trees—standards, most likely—in close rows, as though they were filberts, after the old Devonshire rule, and leaves them to fight it out with docks and darnels.

The farmer must have more science than his fathers if he is to take up apple and pear culture anew. "What are all 'these pippins worth if they pay not me!'" is probably his view of an apple congress. "Will it pay?" is asked by many anxious inquirers. Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE, who modestly disclaimed an opinion of his own, sounded two independent authorities on this point. One was a good deal discouraging, and spoke of an infinitesimal profit to the successful grower. The other was certain that a good market could be found for all the hardy fruit that could be grown in the country. If by "hardy fruit" we understand hard fruit, such as apples, as opposed to soft fruit, such as strawberries, the latter judgment is not far from the truth. Apple culture, as it is successfully practised abroad, even in cold climates like that of Nova Scotia and Canada, is almost unknown in England. The majority of our orchards are good for nothing but the very indifferent cider they produce. Where climate and soils are admirably adapted to apple culture the want of enterprise is most pronounced. There is less fine fruit grown in Devonshire than in any other fruit county, though the eastern portion and parts of the South Hams possess every natural advantage. No attempts, upon the scale of a few acres only, have been made to grow apples or pears that can compete with the best foreign produce. Last week a bold Frenchman sailed over sea, and offered a cargo of apples and pears at the principal port of Devonshire, and was well content, no doubt, with his venture. The farmer who is about to plant, and looks for quick returns from his capital invested, must give up the old orchard system if he wishes to undertake the most profitable branch of hardy fruit culture, and produce quality, not quantity. There is a large and constant demand for fine dessert or keeping apples. Let the planter select half a dozen sorts of each, such as are best adapted to the soil, and plant pyramids, worked on the paradise stock, and it will go exceedingly hard with him if, after a fair interval, he does not reap a respectable profit annually. Let him grow no other crop in the same field with the trees, keep the soil absolutely free from weeds, root-pruning his trees and thinning his fruit, as the best authority dictates. This is a much more certain system than the old one of small enclosed orchards of standard apples, planted in rank herbage, and choked by their unpruned luxuriance. Much good also may result from the Conferences of the new Association if attention is directed to the condition of cider orchards generally. No one can doubt that the majority of these, especially in Devonshire, might be enormously improved by judicious thinning, grafting, or replanting.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

MR. HURLBERT expresses a hope that the long letter which he has contributed to the *Times* under the title of "Imperial Federation and the Fisheries Dispute" will not be considered as conveying threats. MR. HURLBERT

has earned the right to be thought incapable of anything so futile and unmannerly as the publication of threats against a country in which he resides as a private person. But he will hardly deny that his letter is meant to convey a warning. He even says so plainly. Mr. HURLBERT has manifestly endeavoured to explain to Englishmen what is the real meaning of the policy adopted by the two American parties in the Fisheries Dispute. As he has to say that both are prepared to put pressure on Canada and Great Britain, and that one of them is disposed to attempt the annexation of a portion of British territory, he really must pardon us for feeling that we are threatened, if not with "great things," at least with unpleasant diplomatic difficulties. When we are told that the Democrats have given up for good any intention of settling the question by friendly arrangement, and that the Republicans have committed themselves to a course of insolent swagger, no soothing assurances to the contrary will persuade us that threats are not being used.

The merits of the Fishery dispute are simple and well known. By the Convention of 1818 American fishermen are debarred from making use of Canadian ports. For about twenty-five years out of the seventy for which the Convention has lasted this prohibition has been suspended by special treaty arrangements between the countries. The United States have chosen to denounce or abrogate these treaties, and therefore the Convention of 1818 has come into force again. Of late Americans have discovered—it does not matter how or why—that the Convention is an intolerable nuisance, and must be abolished, not by way of arrangement or in return for concessions, but by simple unconditional surrender on the part of Canada. Mr. HURLBERT explains the difference between the courses which recommend themselves to the two American parties as most likely to bring this desirable result about. The Democrats would prefer to apply "retaliatory" commercial pressure, to prevent the transit of Canadian goods in bond, and otherwise so hamper the commerce of the Dominion that it will surrender for the sake of peace. The Republicans prefer to try for annexation. It does not follow, says Mr. HURLBERT, that the Republican Senators wish for war. Possibly not. We are not prepared to maintain that Republican Senators always understand the meaning of what they are doing; but their policy is one which, if war is not to be its ultimate sanction, will be as futile as it is offensive. Mr. HURLBERT, who does not admire the fiscal policy of the Republican party, is anxious to see the quarrel averted. His suggestion, which will unquestionably commend itself to many of his countrymen, is that England should secure peace by making Canada give up the Convention. He speaks of the Canadian thumbscrew, and the wickedness of applying it to the sixty millions of Americans, particularly when the executioners are only five millions strong. Did Mr. HURLBERT ever read a little parable of a wolf, and a lamb, and a stream of water? There is really no need for so many words, and so much explanation. It has been agreed by the two countries that, in order to prevent poaching in Canadian waters, the effectual thing to do is to forbid the use of Canadian ports by American fishing vessels for fishing purposes. This prohibition is the trump card in the Canadian hand. The Canadians have always said, If you want us to withdraw it, what will you give us in return? Twice the United States have agreed to give something, have then got tired of their bargain, and have backed out of it. A third time they drafted a bargain; and then, owing to the state of the market at home, have refused to complete it. Now they say that they will have no more bargains. They are sixty millions and Canada is five, and therefore they are twelve times more entitled to have their own way. If England cannot bring the wicked Canadian to his senses, then she must look to have the keystone of the Imperial Federation arch prised out by Mr. CLEVELAND, or knocked out by Mr. BLAINE. There is the whole question in a nut-shell, and we flatter ourselves that no amount of amplification about the wind-swept Atlantic, or the innocence of American fishermen, will make it any plainer. It is a very simple business. Those who think themselves strong have always been annoyed when they felt hampered by those whom they thought weak. It is a very human way of looking at things, only we do not quite see why it should be the moral duty of England to take the passive side in the matter.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH ON IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

IT is impossible for comment to keep pace with the rush of political speeches which has marked the close of the week. The fittest, if not the only practicable, mode of dealing with them is to select that speaker who has himself selected some less recently and exhaustively discussed branch of the eternal question than has been chosen by the others. On this principle, therefore, we shall take the liberty of leaving Lord HARTINGTON to the task of encouraging the Ulster Unionists at Belfast, and Mr. BALFOUR to that of gravely defending himself at Manchester against the serious charge of having ridiculed the ridiculous; and we propose to turn to the speech at Plymouth wherein Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH took up a subject which has been only once handled of late, and that with more than dubious wisdom by Mr. COURTNEY. The well-considered remarks, therefore, of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE on the question appear to us to possess a stronger claim than any other portion of his speech to be selected for comment. We may at once premise, then, that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH admits, in concurrence with Mr. COURTNEY, that it would be "neither wise nor right" that the solution of the question of Irish Government should be "indefinitely postponed"; and, subject to a reasonable construction of the adverb, we find nothing objectionable in the proposition. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, however, parted company, we are glad to see, with Mr. COURTNEY at this early stage of the journey, and, instead of adopting that politician's rash undertaking to "do all in his power" to promote the extension of local government to Ireland, just the same as it had been in England, he proceeded, as became a responsible Minister, to point out the very grave considerations which must be taken into account in any attempt to develop local administrative institutions in Ireland. Nothing, he went on to say, could be more unwise than to endeavour to legislate for Ireland on this or any other question as if the conditions of society in that country were the same as the conditions of society in England and Wales. "They are not; they are vastly and unfortunately different. For example, some of you may have noticed that, in the last ten years, there have been several instances where Nationalist majorities on Boards of Guardians have used their powers of taxation and administration, not in carrying out their duties under the law, but to the injury, if not to the ruin, of those who differed from them in political opinion, and to the unfair advantage of those who agreed with them. Therefore, in approaching this question, it is necessary gravely to consider difficulties such as I have hinted to you."

In other words, it is necessary to consider whether and how it will be possible to prevent an Irish Local Government scheme from operating to extend and organize the power of a class of the community in Ireland who will inevitably use any authority which may be conferred on them by the Legislature to promote a policy of agrarian confiscation and Imperial disruption. Nor ought the idea of legislating for the extension of local government in Ireland to be entertained until it is clearly shown with reference to any specific legislative proposal for that purpose that the danger in question will be avoided. Such we take to be the full meaning of the proviso with which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH qualified his general assent to Mr. COURTNEY's views, and we have no reason to doubt that in so doing he spoke the mind of the Government. If so, there is certainly no need to take exception to that assent itself. No one then will be concerned to insist that the solution of the question of Irish local government should be "indefinitely postponed." It will, on the contrary, be postponed only to the fulfilment of a definite condition—the condition, namely, that the political safety of the measure can be demonstrated. If it be replied that strict insistence on the condition will amount to an indefinite postponement of the reform of local government in Ireland, the short answer is, that whether it does so or not will depend on the Irish people themselves. Undoubtedly it will do so, and ought to do so, as long as the Irish people take their policy from MICHAEL DAVITT, whose recent letter to the *Times* contains a perfectly plain avowal of the purposes of spoliation to which he would apply any self-governing powers which the Imperial Parliament might be ill advised enough to confer upon his countrymen without sufficient safeguards against

their abuse. If this should be the result—or rather so long as this distinctly threatens to be the result—of granting what Mr. COURTNEY calls “as full and free a local government to Ireland as has been set up in England,” he must be understood to speak only for himself in promising a speedy satisfaction of the demand. “Full and free local government” is an excellently sounding phrase; but there is no magic in the words to prevent the thing from being converted into an engine of fraud and oppression, and enabling those who control it to work with more potent effect than they have yet been able to do for the repeal of the Union. This “fulness” of the local government granted to Ireland must not be so complete as to give power to the enemies of the English connexion; nor must its “freedom” be so unlimited as to give license to Socialistic schemers for the confiscation of Irish land.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PENNY DREADFUL.

THE good people of Tunbridge Wells must have an enviably slight acquaintance with some forms of human imbecility, otherwise they would not have been puzzled by the behaviour in the dock of the two youths GOWER and DOBELL. These whelps have been before the magistrates charged on their own confession with murder, arson, burglary, and a few minor offences. We shall not assume their guilt or innocence for two reasons. Firstly, out of a becoming dread of our legal betters, who forbid some kinds of comment on cases still *sub judice*. Secondly, because their conduct is consistent either with innocence of crime or with guilt. The influence under which they have acted is capable either of making them commit the offences they have confessed to, or of inducing them to make a sham confession for the sake of notoriety. That influence and their public behaviour are the interesting matters for the moment.

GOWER and DOBELL have long been students of the form of scribbling called the “penny dreadful.” They have read those incredibly dull, rambling, and incoherent accounts of the doings of criminals till at last one of them has confessed to a Salvation Army “captain” that between them they had committed a murder. The “captain” (it is satisfactory to find the Salvation Army behaving correctly once in a way) has taken steps to have the truth of this confidence inquired into by the proper persons. Before the magistrates GOWER and DOBELL have borne themselves as becomes the admirers of penny dreadfuls. They have confessed further offences; they have swaggered, whistled, been “game,” and duly callous. This is what has puzzled the good people of Tunbridge Wells, and does not puzzle us in the least. For, after all, what line of conduct could have been more natural in a couple of young idiots misled by a noxious scribbler? Decent people who have no experience of the bottomless folly of their fellow-men can never understand how commonly crime, and the affectation of crime, which is less serious but equally despicable, can be born of sheer stupidity. DESBOROUGH WIGGLE, Sir, was the slave of passion because my Lord BYRON posed in that character and wrote *Don Juan*. The DESBOROUGH WIGGLES of the lower orders read of “SPRING-HEELED JACK,” and will read of “JACK THE RIPPER” when he finds his way into penny dreadfuls in the ordinary course of nature. Then they act, or profess to act, in imitation of their models; they are “true as steel” to each other, and go “armed to the teeth.” Now and then, when opportunity serves, they actually play the murderer or the thief. More commonly they only swagger and pretend. They accuse themselves of crimes they have never committed, and so waste the time of the police and supply paragraphs to the papers. In either case the origin of their mischievous folly is easy to find. Whether the remedy is equally discoverable is another question. The gods themselves, as all men have been told, war in vain against stupidity, and the police-courts can hardly expect to succeed. Still, by dint of stopping all the streams, it would be possible to dry up the river. As Sir SAMUEL BAKER has been explaining, in these days the rise of the Nile could be prevented by altering the course of the Atbara. Even so the imitation of crime might be modified, if not stopped, by drying up the penny dreadful. We make the suggestion with some diffidence because human idiocy is, by its nature, a thing immortal; and, if this folly is stopped, another will probably take its place. But there is some advantage in change. In this case, too, the connexion between cause and effect is so obvious. It is not only GOWER and DOBELL, but scores of others, who are found first reading penny dreadfuls,

and then committing crimes or playing at them. The exact course to be taken with these incentives is not a thing to be decided on in a hurry. A literary censorship is a difficult machine to work, and one would like to know into what hands it is to be put and on what principles it is to work. There is, however, one thing which might be done. We might reflect on the weighty words which Mr. LIVESY has sent to the *Times*. He proposes to correct the moral evil of human nature by an early and vigorous application of the birch or cat, according to the age of the offender and the gravity of the offence. There is much wisdom in the suggestion. If boys who are caught playing at penny dreadfuls and addle-headed creatures who accuse themselves of crimes they have not committed were soundly whipped, a stop would probably be put to a rather prevalent nuisance. To complete the remedy, it would then be well in every such case that the publisher of the penny dreadful read by the young fool or fools should also have his moral nature brightened up with hemp, birch, or, in the borough of Winchester, apple twigs. Then we should purify the source as well as deflect the stream.

WHERE, O! WHERE, IS THE HIGH SHERIFF OF LIMERICK?

THERE can no longer be any doubt about the matter. A mysterious fatality, impossible alike to arrest and to explain, pursues the Irish Nationalist orators. Other orators are liable to misreport of their speeches. Mr. GLADSTONE is constantly being misreported; but in his case it is always the work of an enemy, and no recondite explanation need, therefore, be sought for it. His wrongs are of purely human origin, and are simply due to the manifestation in a Tory reporter of a double dose of the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered by the offspring of ADAM. But with the Irish Nationalist orator how different, how much more strange and tragic, is the case! His foes are of his own household; it is those in whom he trusts who lift up the heel against him. It was thus, as we all remember, that Mr. PARNELL was a few years ago so grievously wounded in the house of his friends. He made a speech at Cincinnati, in which he said not a word about severing “the last link” which bound Ireland to the British Crown. And yet Mr. PATRICK FORD’s newspaper, of all newspapers, must needs foist upon him the next morning a long and elaborately rounded sentence in which this extraordinary last link and its severance plays a most conspicuous part. No wonder he was too much taken back by this monstrous interpretation to be able to correct it until several years had elapsed! It naturally would take a man years to get over such a shock. It has taken the latest victim—Mr. FINUCANE—more than a fortnight to recover the breath which had been taken away by “the infamous falsehood” circulated, that he had advised blacksmiths, in shoeing the horses of boycotted men, “to drive the nails into the quick.” It is true Mr. FINUCANE has been “away at Lisdoonvarna Spa for the last fortnight, and that his letters have not been forwarded him,” and of course, too (though he does not say so), he has never seen a newspaper. But he really need not labour this point. We could excuse him, not a fortnight, but a month, six months, even a year, of silent stupefaction at the astounding circumstances under which the “infamous falsehood” was circulated. For it was not the vile Unionist and Tory press which set the slander going. It was—O portent!—the Parnellite newspapers, and, foremost among them, the *Cork Examiner*, a print whose loyalty to the cause has never been impugned. It is in this and other newspapers *ejusdem farinae* that we find in so many words and letters the hideous fabrication of which Mr. FINUCANE complains. Were ever men treated with such unaccountable cruelty by their friends? We quite sympathize with Mr. FINUCANE’S indignation, and can understand the passionate appeal to Mr. BALFOUR to clear up the point by prosecuting him. And we can the better understand this because, as the meeting at Windy Gap was held without knowledge of the police, there was no Government shorthand writer present at it.

But the tragic mystery of the case is far from ending here. Fate, in the form of false or negligent friends, continues still further to dog the Finucanian footsteps. For not only do his friends in the press thus shockingly and

slandrously report him, but his friends on the platform are consenting unto the death of his reputation by their silence. Where, O where—to repeat the exclamatory question wrung from us at the outset of this article—is the High Sheriff of Limerick? Where is Mr. STEPHEN O'MARA? A word from Mr. O'MARA, who has not been, so far as we know, at Lisdoonvarna Spa, would have nipped the infamous falsehood in the bud. So would a word from Father LITTLE, who was also present at the Windy Gap meeting, and made a speech on the occasion in much the same sense as Mr. FINUCANE, barring the nails. But the High Sheriff's silence is more extraordinary than the priest's, for the High Sheriff did not bar the nails; he clinched them. Here is what that wicked Parnellite traducer of Parnellites printed on the subject:—"The High Sheriff, in seconding the proposition, expressed his amazement at the revelation" (that a blacksmith had been shoeing boycotted men's horses), "and endorsed Mr. FINUCANE's suggestion as to driving the nail to the quick." And yet Mr. O'MARA, who must be burning with the same indignation as Mr. FINUCANE, he, too, has allowed nineteen days to pass without uttering a word of protest. At what Spa, if any, has he been? Who has kept back his letters? Who has taken care to let him see only those newspapers which in their reports of the Windy Gap omitted or suppressed this instance of what Mr. GLADSTONE calls "an occasional deviation from humanity in regard to animals"? What in a word does it all mean? It is too painful to suppose that—no, we reject that supposition altogether. We would rather assume that some occult forces which science has yet to investigate are at the bottom of the enigma.

SPARROWS.

FROM the time the grain begins to ripen until the end of harvest much is yearly written and said on the subject of sparrows, the result of the immense damage they do to the grain crops, which damage being indisputable, causes their friends to rally to their defence and endeavour to prove that they do, on the whole, more good than harm. The conclusion at which we have arrived as the result of somewhat long study of the habits of the house-sparrow is that it is an unmitigated nuisance. In town it is well enough, and we would by no means advocate its destruction; but in the country, where it is able to give full vent to its vicious propensities, it should, in our opinion, be ranked with and treated as "vermin." Its friends, who are more in number than it deserves, would have the world believe that the sparrow is a much maligned and most useful bird, spending at all events a very large portion of its time in the destruction of insect pests; and, while forced to admit that it does great damage to the grain crops, they are always ready to argue that this damage is more than compensated for by the immense good it does by ridding the country of insects. While willing to admit that it does destroy a few insects and their larvae, we do not think that on this account a place in the list of useful, or even harmless, birds can be rightfully claimed for it, its powers of mischief being practically unbounded. The Americans certainly have found to their cost that the bird is, to use their own expression, "a fraud." Some years ago they imported large numbers of house-sparrows, in the hope that they would be the means of preventing the recurrence of a plague of caterpillars, from which they were suffering at the time. The birds increased and multiplied, without a corresponding decrease in the number of caterpillars, and became such a nuisance, that strenuous means have since been taken for their destruction. It is no easy matter, however, to exterminate sparrows when they have once made themselves thoroughly at home in a locality that suits them, and few indeed are the localities, inhabited by human beings, that do not suit them, as they are most prolific, producing three sets of eggs—each five or six in number—during the year, most of which are hatched, and the young birds, being hardy, with comparatively few exceptions, reach maturity.

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to enumerate all the offences of the sparrow against the farmer, the gardener, and the householder, to say nothing of the hen-wife. We propose, therefore, to deal with a few only of its most pernicious habits. It is a cause of great and constant annoyance to the gardener. In early spring it will, actuated, to all appearance, solely by a spirit of mischief, destroy the flowers of crocuses, particularly yellow ones, pulling them to pieces and scattering them on the ground. This trick, annoying though it be, is as nothing to the destruction worked by the bird in the kitchen garden, where it is in mischief at most seasons, but especially in the spring, when, assisted no doubt by green-finch, it does immense damage to growing crops, wherever they are unprotected, by nipping off the green shoots as they appear above the ground. It also destroys the buds of gooseberry and currant bushes, thus materially lessening the chances of a good crop of fruit—an offence which, though committed by the spar-

row, is generally laid to the charge of the bullfinch. In cherry orchards, again, it is particularly destructive, plucking off the blossoms often in such numbers as completely to whiten the ground under the tree.

The sparrow is a dreadful nuisance about houses during the time of its nesting—that is, throughout the spring and summer—as not only does it block the rain-water pipes by building in them, but wherever it can find a support for its nest, which is one of the most untidy structures imaginable, it accumulates masses of rubbish, a considerable part of which it does not use, but allows to fall to the ground, thereby causing a terrible litter. One of the sparrow's greatest crimes in our eyes is connected with its nesting—we refer to its habit of dispossessing the house-martin—a deadly sin for which it should suffer, were it guiltless in other respects, as it thereby tends to destroy a bird which is not only a universal favourite, but against which no word of evil can be said, and which indisputably spends its whole time in the destruction of insects. Its method of proceeding is simple; it waits until the martins have nearly completed the mud walls of their nest, and then quietly takes possession, and, being by far the stronger bird, holds the nest without difficulty against the rightful owners, and adapts it to its own purpose by lining it with feathers and other materials. So troublesome are the sparrows in this respect that it is by no means uncommon for whole colonies of martins to be year after year driven from their nests under the eaves of houses, with the result that they eventually give up the struggle in despair and leave the locality. Martins are certainly scarcer than they were throughout the country and sparrows more plentiful, and, in our opinion, the latter fact in some degree accounts for the former. There is a very old and well-known story which represents the martins as revenging themselves on the invaders, which is well told by Montagu as follows:—"When a sparrow takes forcible possession of the nest of a window-swallow, there ensues determined battle between the proprietors and invaders, in which the latter usually come off in the first instance victorious, from their cunningly remaining in the nest. The swallows, however, take care to be revenged; for, summoning in their companions to assist them, they bring a quantity of the mortar which they use in building their nests, and, closing up the entrance, entomb the sparrows alive." This story has doubtless been told from time immemorial; but, we are sorry to say, is unsupported by evidence, and is, on the face of it, improbable, the sparrow being more than a match for any number of martins that could attack it at once in the nest. Indeed, we agree with Montagu, "that the whole account is a romancing legend; for the sparrows, with their strong bills, would instantly demolish the thickest wall which the swallows could build, instead of quietly permitting themselves to be imprisoned, as certain veracious writers have chosen to report."

It is to the farmer, however, that the sparrow is the greatest nuisance, causing him, as it does, actual loss; for, no sooner is the grain formed in the ear, than these birds, young and old together, descend on the fields literally in swarms, their numbers being augmented by many town-bred birds, and begin feeding on the unripe milky grain; and from this time until the crops are cut and carried their depredations never cease. The damage thus done is simply enormous—far greater, we imagine, than most people would consider possible; it must, indeed, be seen and studied to be appreciated. The statement that sparrows are the cause of incalculable loss to the country, in consequence of the amount of grain they consume, appears, doubtless, to many a gross exaggeration; it is, however, a simple statement of fact. Nor is it possible, except by waging constant war against them, to prevent this loss; as, in addition to their possessing insatiable appetites, they, unlike rooks, cannot be scared from the fields, but, when disturbed, merely shift their quarters, and renew their depredations within very few yards, and no known contrivance will induce them to leave their feeding-grounds. As may be imagined, they are most troublesome in fields surrounded with hedges, especially if they are high and rough, as in such situations they find abundance of shelter; but they are by no means particular, and no grain crops, however situated, are entirely free from their ravages. We hear much—principally, no doubt, because political capital can be made of it—of the damage done to crops by winged game, while comparatively little is said of the damage inflicted by sparrows. Yet we are convinced that, were it possible to assess the loss to the country caused by game and sparrows respectively, it would be found that the account against the latter was by far the heavier.

As before remarked, sparrows are without doubt on the increase, and, considering the enormous damage they do, their numbers should, in our opinion, be mercilessly thinned—there is no fear, be it noted, of their extermination. Still we are not in favour of "Sparrow Clubs," nor would we revive our forefathers' practice of paying for "sparrow heads" out of the rates—for the reason that many of the heads handed in to the authorities, whether of the clubs or parishes, and duly paid for as sparrow heads, were never grown on the bodies of sparrows, and thus the indiscriminate slaughter of small birds, whether harmless or not, was encouraged. And here we may observe in passing that, as an unfortunate result of its name, one of our most innocent little birds, the hedge-sparrow, often suffers, though it is in reality no sparrow, but an accentor.

It is a difficult, nay, almost impossible, task to rid any given area of sparrows, as will be found by any one who en-

deavours to keep a garden of any size free from them, as no sooner is one killed than its place is taken by a new-comer. Gilbert White noticed this fact in one of his letters to Pennant, where he says:—"When the house-sparrows deprive my martins of their nests, as soon as I cause one to be shot, the other, be it cock or hen, presently procures a mate, and so for several times following." A good example of this is found in the Zoological Gardens, where, though thousands of sparrows are, and have been since the formation of the Gardens, killed annually, there is no diminution in their numbers. Many true bird-lovers, while eager to destroy sparrows, will not allow them to be shot in their grounds, under the mistaken impression that, if guns are fired, all the other birds will be driven away, or at least rendered very wild, the fact being that those birds which are not shot at in surprisingly short time discover that no harm is intended to them, and take little or no notice of the report. The only plan to abate the sparrow nuisance in the least is to shoot, trap, net, and destroy the birds at all seasons, and to allow as few of the young as possible to escape from their nests—a sufficiently drastic plan, we admit, and one which will no doubt shock those who believe in the utility of the sparrow, but which, if persistently carried out, will, at all events, so far thin their numbers that, if no other good is obtained, the martins will have a better chance of nesting in peace—a result which all must desire, though the mischief they do in dispossessing the window-swallows is as nothing when compared with the damage wrought by sparrows among the crops.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

GOOD plays adapted from novels have been, since the days of Shakespeare, rather the exception than the rule. A fact which playwrights constantly ignore, and apparently cannot be brought to comprehend, is here involved. Many plots are equally suitable for treatment in the form of narrative or of drama; in either shape they might very likely be made equally effective; but—and here is the point—the methods which must be followed are essentially different. Dickens, ardently devoted to the stage as he was, would, we must surely assume, have written a play if he could. Thackeray tried and failed; and yet there are scenes in his works—the duel in *Esmond* is a notable example—which are so admirably dramatic that at first sight, though at first sight only, they seem precisely and peculiarly suitable for stage purposes. Mr. Wilkie Collins has tried his hand as a dramatist—over what happened at the Adelphi Theatre when his last attempt was made we draw a veil. The most charming of modern novelists, Mr. Walter Besant, never fails between the boards of a book, but has never by his unaided exertions gained equal success on the boards of a theatre. Charles Reade thought that he saw a play in a novel by Anthony Trollope, but the popularity of Mr. Toole and Miss Farren did not save the result from condemnation. Among writers who have recently come to the front Mr. F. C. Philips holds high rank. He is known to have had experience of the stage, and in a great measure it must be assumed that he understands its requirements; yet *The Dean's Daughter* as a play is not to be compared with *The Dean and his Daughter* as a novel, in spite of the circumstance that, in the preparation of his book for the theatre, Mr. Philips has had the advantage of Mr. Sydney Grundy's assistance. This may be partially explained by the fact that on the stage character is developed by action, in a novel by analysis and explanation. The St. James's play drags sorely. In the novel we are gradually made acquainted with the personages; their dispositions come to light as the plot progresses; the novelist arrests our attention by his art. He shows us studies of humanity, and we are interested in them. On the stage the characters are, as it were, plainly labelled from their first appearance. There is no individuality to be traced. What we want, therefore, is incident—action, and in this play it is forthcoming very slowly and tediously. There is an excellent and, so far as we know, a novel "situation" in the third act; but then it is the third act, and there are consequently two acts before the episode is reached—acts in which much is said, well-understood facts are needlessly reiterated, but in which very little is done.

The one situation, however, is extremely ingenious. What has to be done is to make Lady Craven appear a guilty woman in the eyes of her husband and father, who have, suddenly and without her knowledge, arrived at Nice, where she is staying. They suspect that George Sabine is her lover. As a matter of fact, the audience know that this is not so, and have just seen her dismiss him, admitting her affection for him, but securing his promise to leave Nice because the affection exists. How, then, is she to be compromised? It is done by causing a brutal Russian Prince, whom she has attracted, to find his way to her room through a window which he has bribed her maid to leave open, to make her call for help so that Sabine overhears her, rushes to her aid through the open window, and, after dealing with the Russian, receives her fainting in his arms; thus she is found, and the inference to be drawn is apparently obvious, though in truth it is utterly wrong. But this having been brought to pass, we find ourselves caring very little for what may happen. The heroine having been wronged, by all the laws of dramatic propriety she ought, of course, to be righted. The husband and the Dean, her father, should be made to see how gross an injustice they have done

her; but they are never destined in the play to receive this enlightenment, and we can summon up very little indignation on the subject, particularly as, when next Lady Craven is seen she has obtained admission, under a false name, to a ball given by the dowager Lady Ashwell (who is less careful as to whom she invites to her festivities than is customary among leaders of county society), and after a flirtation with Lord Ashwell, accepts his offer of marriage. When, five minutes later, we find her falling rapturously into the embrace of George Sabine, and clearly well on the way to accept his offer of marriage, we do not remain convinced that "Mrs. Gascoigne," as she has lately taken to calling herself, in order to gain admission under false pretences to people's houses, is a very sympathetic person. We do not mean to say that the character is untrue to life. Such a girl as Miriam St. Aubyn might well have given way before her father's sophistries and arguments, and married the elderly Sir Henry Craven, whom she did not pretend to love; being neglected by him she might flirt with a congenial spirit; being divorced, she might be ready to accept the offer of a wealthy peer, and yet—the more particularly when he had withdrawn that offer—might welcome the congenial spirit when he reappeared. But because a character is true to life it by no means follows that it is necessarily interesting or agreeable.

The truth is that *The Dean's Daughter* is for the most part badly acted. Mr. Rutland Barrington fails painfully and conspicuously as the Dean, not being able to make up his mind whether the part is comic or serious, and falling between the two stools with disastrous consequences. He should never have attempted such a character. Nothing could be much worse than the Dean of the last act, in a light and airy way, and with the wave of the hand which we remember so well in Captain Corcoran and Pooh Bah, indicating that he believes his daughter to be an adulteress, unworthy the affection of an honest man. It may be that Mr. Barrington really does recognize that, after all, the episode has little to do with low comedy; if so, he is unable to carry out his intention. The Dean is entirely revolting. Miss Olga Nethersole as Miriam, Lady Craven, does well enough. The part is cleverly written for stage effect, and the actress seems to carry out the intentions of the author. We were not conscious of any particular charm of manner in the representative of Miriam, and were never in the least affected by her emotion, but the emotion was, so far as we could perceive, correctly enough indicated. What it lacked was sincerity and heart. The Mrs. Fortescue of Miss Hill we found a most trying personage to encounter throughout four acts. The actress has not the faintest apprehension of the value of repose. She is never still, can never speak a line nor make a gesture naturally, tries ceaselessly to extract point from speeches not designed to be pointed, to accentuate lines which do not need and will not bear accentuation. Mr. Waller conveys the idea to us that George Sabine is not quite a gentleman, and we think he ought to be. We were not very favourably impressed with the Sir Henry Craven of Mr. John Beauchamp. The actor seemed to overdo the stiffness and haughtiness of the character. Several of the minor parts were capably filled, notably the Lord Ashwell of Mr. Allan Aynsworth, who showed much tact in his treatment of a somewhat difficult sketch of character. There was merit also in the Elisa of Miss Adrienne Dairrolles.

Mr. Charles Thomas has supplied a one-act comedy, called *A Patron Saint*, to precede *The Dean's Daughter*. The little piece, which owes something to M. Edmond About's *Le Chapeau de Ste. Catherine*, is not very happily named, indeed we do not quite understand to which of the characters the title refers; but it is a very agreeable trifle nevertheless. The screaming farce of a bygone day seems to have vanished from the boards, whether because playwrights cannot produce examples, or actors do not understand the secret of making them "go," we cannot tell. Will another *Box and Cox* ever be written? We should be delighted to welcome it, for genuine fun is rare; but there is always room for pieces such as *A Patron Saint*, distinguished by refinement, a modicum of wit, a trace of humour, and a little ingenuity in the plot. Mr. Charles Thomas could tell us if the patron saint is Miss Lillian Trevor? She very adroitly obtains an appointment in the diplomatic service in Vienna for her lover, Arthur Melton, by carrying on an exceedingly innocent flirtation with Lord Petersfield, in whose gift the appointment lies (Arthur Melton, to whom it had been refused previously, accepts it with a neat remark to the effect that he had hitherto regarded it as a disappointment), and so inducing Lady Petersfield to wish her well out of the way; while, for her part, Lady Petersfield, knowing that she will be discovered by her husband, pretends to go to sleep, clasping Melton's photograph to her bosom and softly murmuring "Arthur!" Petersfield thinks that Melton had better marry and go to Austria as quickly as possible. Perhaps Lady Petersfield is the patron saint? However, the lovers are made happy; husband and wife arrive at a better understanding, in consequence of the jealousy they both have felt, and all is well. The little piece is very suitably played by Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Miss Millicent Mildmay as the Petersfields, Miss Georgina Hermon and Mr. Clarence Blakiston as the younger couple. There is a footnote, who evidently reads the debates in the House of Commons. Asked whether a cabman, after receiving his legal fare, has used unparliamentary language, he replies that the language was not otherwise than parliamentary, but he had rather not repeat it.

SUNT QUOS CURRICULUM...

IN the early years of the eighteenth century Paris was the place to visit once in a lifetime. Eighteen months was the time to spend there; some made it three years; but a year was certainly to be given to it if a youth was to reap any profit at all from his stay. He was to put money in his purse, and be even lavish in his expenses. If he was unwise, and a German, ten or twelve thousand livres went in four or five months, while many young English fellows of the day dropped their seven or eight thousand écus blancs (of 4s. 6d. each) in less than a year, and

Returned to Dover
The geese they went over.

So said Nemeitz, counsellor of the Prince of Waldeck, in his excellent and rare *Séjour de Paris*, published at Leyden in 1727. Of course, this sojourn was almost wholly intended to be an educational curriculum—still not uninteresting to some—for very young gentlemen who had a bear-leader, or “wise and able governor.” Boys were thus then sent to Paris not infrequently as young as fourteen and fifteen; and even the precocious did their Paris from the age of twelve onwards; but eighteen to twenty was the ordinary standard time.

Next in indispensability to a well-lined purse was a rude health, a *corpus sanum*; otherwise a gay youngster might find himself after a few carnival pranks laid up with a fever which would cost him some three months, and over sixty crowns for mere candle alone. Nemeitz brings to his youth of quality his French master at seven in the morning. From eight to nine he is to repeat the lesson, perhaps with the governor, and write a letter in the same language, presumably to the governor at home. At nine the mathematical professor took him in hand; and from ten to eleven he repeated that lesson. At eleven he was due at the fencing-school; and then from twelve to one he was allowed a rest to read some book which opened the mind, or, if he was going to the play, to get up the piece. At one he dined at an “auberge,” and turned to at his drawing-lesson immediately after—about the worst thing, perhaps, he could have done for his rude health. Then to the dancing academy at three. When he was well forward in his French, the early morning hour was given to history and genealogy—a gentle study now, it is to be feared, sadly neglected; but then a too, too serious matter. Or he could learn to ride or to dance in the forenoon fencing-hour. Music, too, could be substituted for drawing or painting; but the French accent, mathematics, and drawing were the chief things then to be acquired by gilded youth in Paris. Thus, though it was not all work, it left little room for play that might bring a lad into mischief; for the rest of the day went in study, in visiting the libraries, the savants, the great artists and art-workers. “If a young man so distributes his time in Paris, I promise him he does not employ it ill.”

But before even starting on his travels our ingenuous youth was supposed, in the first place, *savoir vivre*; for example, he was to avoid speaking of religion in his travels—“*Sur Dieu et sur les rois, silence!*”—and, in the next place, to know at least German, some French, and Latin, with geography and a grounding in history, genealogy, drawing, and geometry; for these were then the sciences that were “looked for in a gentleman.” Shakespeare and the musical glasses had not, as yet, come in among the too frivolous. Mathematics included, for a warlike youth, fortification, which M. Chevalier, of the Academy of Sciences, taught excellent well for thirty-six livres a month. Drawing-masters were to be sought at the Academy of Painters at the Louvre. The musically inclined could take part in the numerous concerts given by the Duc d’Aumont, ambassador to England, the Abbé Grave, Mlle. de Maes, once a week, and M. Cherambault every fortnight. When waiting your turn to “come on” you had the resource of playing a game of ombre in an ante-room. The instruments most in vogue at these concerts were the clavichord and the German or “transverse” flute. Dancing, fencing, and riding, as has been seen, were the correct exercises for the youth of fashion; “nor to these alone confined,” for even his bootmaker’s or his tailor’s ‘prentices could toe a minuet indifferent well; but, after all, the only Frenchmen who danced well were the French dancing-masters. The four brothers Dumoulin were all opera-dancers, two of them being noted teachers. One, with a cast in the eye, was incomparable for the grotesque style—parent of the cancan, doubtless—and the other for *canaries*, a dance said, oddly enough, to have come, like the yellow-feathered inflections, from the islands so named. Their wine is well gone; the dance has followed it; but the small, ear-splitting scourgings we have, alas! still always with us. Jigs and *bourrées*—an Auvergne country-dance, as one conjectures—were classed with the *canarie*. Then as to fencing, a master should be chosen who had long kept a school of arms. M. Rousseau junior was, about 1720, the most renowned. When an Englishman then fought with a Frenchman, the Englishman generally came to grief, for both attacked furiously, while the Frenchman had usually more skill. But a man of any other nation could do what he liked with a Frenchman if he bore with calm the first attack, which was very warm indeed. So Nemeitz. One would like to know, however, even admitting—which we don’t—what is said above about English and French, what “the gladiators of England” precisely were. It is all very fine to tell us they stood no nonsense, and went for each other straight; but then the sayings that they were a relic of the ancient custom of the Romans, and

that one ripped up the belly of the other with his “*espadaon*,” are slightly cryptic.

The worst of the very noble exercise of riding was that it was such a thief of time. The lessons had to be in the forenoon, and there were so many learners that one often had to wait long for one’s turn. It is so tiring, too, that other things were done negligently afterwards. M. du Gast and his daughter were then all the vogue as teachers of this art. Mademoiselle was scarce eighteen, and Cardinal Bentivoglio had gone to see her paces, as Nemeitz testifies. All the four riding-schools were in the Faubourg St.-Germain, and were frequented by princes and other nobles, who paid 100 francs the first month, and half that sum monthly afterwards. And then the masters had a trick of giving public Carousals, which lightened the purses of their pupils to a considerable extent.

The choice of a valet was as important in its way as that of a master. The French valets formed a corps in themselves, married and settled in Paris, who never took service with members of their own nation, but only with foreigners. Some of them were still working at sixty years of age. They lived at home, and came in the morning. The German valets were useless, and had generally left their country for that country’s good. You were to choose as valet a well-looking, healthy sort of a fellow, not too young and not too old, and you took security for his good behaviour. Your young valet was always “round the corner,” or helping the youth into adventures; while an old one was crusty, had his ways, and led you by the nose. All which is very human and perennial. These French valets were generally trustworthy; for one thing, French judges had then but one way with them, and a man who robbed you to-day might very well find himself to-morrow going up by the ladder and down by the rope—as an old euphemism had it. They were also quick and active, these French valets; and it was a point of honour with them to stick by their masters in a difficulty or a quarrel at the risk of their lives. But with all that they were very “grasping,” as they say of the over-industrious man in remote villages. An old proverb makes the German valet his master’s comrade; the English his slave—think, however, of poor Strap; the Italians, respectful; the Spaniards, submissive; but the French alone commands his master. He cost at the time of which we write from a franc to twenty-four sous a day, and for this he fed and clothed himself.

Another essential for the young student of Paris was a good lodging. This was best obtained in the St.-Germain quarter, which had then long been the resort of distinguished foreigners, and this had induced all the best professors to reside there too; for the bear-led youths (it is a two-edged term) gave a wide berth to the University. Here were numerous tennis-courts; and near the Luxembourg, especially in the rue Tournon, was a good pitch for a furnished room either in a private house or a middling hotel; for the great hotels, such as those of Entragues and Trévise, were for princes, bishops, and ambassadors, such as the Duke of Ossuna, Mr. Prior, or my lord Stair. Lodgings in the Marais were cheaper, but inconvenient.

It was naturally of the first importance for a youth of condition to be well dressed, in the good sense, in those days in Paris. First, then, the dress was to be French, fashionable, and not singular. Counter to all of which, the English alone—they were then as now—“in spite of all temptations,” kept to their short, tight coats, their small ties, their little hats, and their oddly-made wigs. In order to have everything handsome about him, our youth of fortune was to have three coats, one of which was laced in the fashion for gala sights and days. Next you had a plain suit of some one colour, unlaced either with gold or silver, and lined with taffety, shagreen, or some other silken stuff. You also had a waistcoat of cloth of gold or of silver, which could be worn with any sort of suit, and had “a fine effect.” A scarlet surcoat was useful when it rained, and you could even appear in it in mediocre company. Your third coat was your black—which has since sadly covered up all the others—because the Court was incessantly going into short mourning for all sorts of persons of distinction, and even people of indistinction had to follow the lead. You were to choose a snip of renown to defraud you—they all did it—and also a tiptop wigmaker, with whom you were not to look at a few crowns more or less; for “a well-made wig forms the decoration of the face, the noblest part of man.” Alack, alack! for what’s behind it. Two wigs were indispensable, and you wore one while the other was “on the cords”; changing about every month or so. “You can’t think how that makes a wig last”; and in the street, with similar intent, you carried your hat under your arm, although the wind then did ruffle the wig and put it out of curl too.

There was one very wise thing which could be done, and that was to make out your year in Paris in two consecutive winters—Michaelmas to Easter—leaving town for the intermediate summer. This came cheaper, and you employed this summer in a round of the great French towns; thus putting in a part of your grand tour, if the curriculum were to be so comprehensive. In that case Nemeitz’s advice to his fellow-Germans was to send their sons in their pre-Paris stage first to Holland, and then to England, by packet-boat from Briele or Rotterdam to Harwich. In Holland travellers had great liberty, and “could study a free Republic”; the English were a trifle less polished, and would be more agreeable if these lords of the humankind did not prefer themselves to all other nations, which Nemeitz, contrariwise to the song, thought greatly to their discredit. They would have done well, too, in abandoning their unheard-of debauches—“mid-

night conversation" to wit—and their sanguinary tastes, from which sprang their bloody tragedies—O Shakespear, what crimes are committed in thy name!—and their combats of gladiators, as above. In England, therefore, it was quite sufficient to see the pleasure-palace of the King (Kensington?) and the great mansions (châteaux) in the environs of London; visit Oxford and Cambridge, and stay a while in London itself. Then you started for Dover, seeing Dartford, Rochester, and Canterbury on the way. From Dover by the post-yacht to Calais, and thence through the Austrian Netherlands (Belgium) to Valenciennes, and so to Paris.

As for the rest of your grand tour, later on; it was through Savoy and Milan, or by Switzerland and the Tyrol, to Venice during the Carnival, and to Rome in Holy Week. You did the other Italian towns either before or after Rome. From Italy by Trete, Brixen, and Innsbruck, into Germany, and so back home to Waldeck, where your apprenticeship and travels, your curriculum and your grand tour, were complete; for the whole of the *Séjour de Paris* is the admirable record of Nemeitz's own experience.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE disappointment which Fullerton gave to his backers in the first race of the Newmarket Second October Meeting showed that if he had run for the Cesarewitch he would have had a very poor chance under his weight, and, at the same time, Grafton, who belongs to the former owner of Fullerton, failed to run up to his best form. That uncertain mare, Braw Lass, with 10 to 1 laid against her, was on her favourite course, and she showed her old backers, most of whom had long ago deserted her, what she could do when in the humour. If she had always chosen to do her best, she might have had as glorious a career on the turf as, with her make and shape, it may fairly be hoped she will have at the stud. Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado was opposed by a very moderate field for the Clearwell Stakes, and in winning the race he brought up his gains in stakes to 5,000*l*. There were curious differences of opinion as to whether he won "just as he liked," or "far from generously." Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain beat Galore very easily indeed at 7 lbs. for the Cadogan Plate. This was his seventh victory of the season, and he may yet turn out a good investment even at his long price of 3,100 guineas. The Duke of Westminster's short-legged and powerful little chestnut colt Ormuz, by Bend Or, beat Pantomime and Virgin Queen, both of whom had won races, for the October Post Produce Stakes.

We noticed the Cesarewitch at some length last week, and we have only to add that the settling at Tattersall's on that race was reported as "anything but satisfactory," that one large account was conspicuous by its absence, and that it has been stated in an evening paper that three bookmakers alone paid 100,000*l*. to French backers of Ténébreuse—a statement which we are inclined to receive with some reserve. On the day of the Cesarewitch Mr. H. Milner's Blue Peter, a colt by Peter that had never run in public before, beat a dozen two-year-olds for the Maiden Plate, after starting at 12 to 1. A 10 to 1 outsider won the next race; but the surprise of the day was in the race which followed the Cesarewitch, when Dartmouth, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid, won easily by two lengths. Then came the victory of another horse that had started at 10 to 1, and it was not until the last two races that backers got a turn. For the Severals Plate, Lord Durham's filly Gulbeyaz, with 10 lbs. extra, won by half a length from Devil's Dance, and Zeno was only beaten for second place by a head, while Peg Sleddle was close behind him. There was a splendid race again for the Royal Stakes. The Duke of Westminster's Ossory, who had only just recovered from an injury which he received in the St. Leger, and had 5 lbs. extra to carry, won by a neck from Captain Macchell's Diana, who beat Mr. Vyner's Aperse by a head, while the Duke of Hamilton's Nina, the only other starter, was well up.

On the Thursday only two fillies came out for the Bretby Stakes. The favourite was Mr. H. Milner's Antibes, a remarkably promising chestnut filly by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite, that had been unplaced for both the races in which she had hitherto taken part. Her opponent was the Duke of Westminster's Fleurs de Lys, an own sister to Ormonde, that had won the Kempton Park Nursery Handicap of 1,000*l*. from a dozen opponents on the previous Saturday. Cannon made the running with Fleurs de Lys, but George Barrett rode Antibes to the front in the last hundred yards, and won pretty easily by three-quarters of a length. Two very closely contested races followed, the details of which we have not space to notice, and then came the Middle Park Plate. The field of fourteen was the largest since 1880, and it was considered a more open race than either of three previous Middle Park Plates, for each of which odds had been laid on the favourite, whereas 11 to 8 was now laid against Donovan. Three of the field—Gulliver, Gay Hampton, and Gold—had already been beaten by Donovan; Gold had also been beaten him in the Goodwood mud, but on that occasion El Dorado had won by six lengths, and it was doubtful whether Donovan could not have been second if he had been persevered with. Several of the starters for the Middle Park Plate had never run in public before. These were the second favourite, Mr. H. Milner's Australia, a rather lightly-made filly by Hermit out of Emma Melbourne; the third favourite, the Duke of Westminster's Ben Strome, a great, overgrown colt by Bend Or; and Mr. D. Baird's

Enthusiast, an own brother to Energy. France was represented by Clover, a rather unfurnished colt by Wellingtonia. Lord Randolph Churchill ran St. Serge, whom he had purchased at the sale of the Stanton yearlings for 500 guineas—a sum which she repaid him when she won the only race in which she had hitherto run. Mr. Gretton was represented by Miguel, the winner of the Rutland Plate at the first October Meeting; Mr. Vyner by Minthe, a filly out of Minting's dam that had not yet won a race; Mr. H. Bass by the Ma Belle Colt, who had not yet repaid him a penny of the 1,000 guineas he cost last year; Mr. J. Houldsworth by Evergreen, a colt by Springfield that had won exactly that number of pounds at the Manchester September Meeting; and Lord Bradford by Swift, who had been beaten by El Dorado on the Monday. It had become very misty at three o'clock when the flag fell to a capital start. On reaching the Bushes, Donovan took the lead, followed by Ben Strome, Gay Hampton, Clover, Australia, and Gulliver. The latter had been gradually making his way to the front, and in the Abingdon Bottom he got up to Donovan. The pair breasted the incline side by side, but on nearing the winning-post F. Barrett rode Donovan out and won without difficulty by two lengths. Gulliver beat Clover by a neck, and Australia and Ben Strome were well up. This was Donovan's eleventh race and ninth victory, and it brought up his winnings in stakes to something over 15,000*l*. The best critics still consider him inferior in appearance to the best two-year-olds that have run in public of late years; but "handsome is that handsome does," and in the race for the Middle Park Plate he not only ran like a stayer, but showed fine speed at the finish. It was much to be regretted that neither Chitabob nor El Dorado, both of whom had been beaten and been beaten by Donovan, could oppose him. Unfortunately Chitabob is wrong at present, and El Dorado had not been entered. After the race some of the first betting took place on the forthcoming Derby. Only 5 to 1 was offered on the field, and 12 to 1 was laid against Ben Strome.

After Mill Stream's severe race in the Cesarewitch, for which she ran second on the previous day, it seemed rather hard to run her again for the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate. On the evening of the Cesarewitch she was purchased for 1,000*l*. by "Mr. Childwick" from Mr. Lambert, who had given 300 guineas for her three years ago. She was now made first favourite; but she was easily beaten by Lord Gerard's hitherto very moderate colt, Mont d'Or, by Bend Or. Including weight for age, he was meeting her at a disadvantage of about a stone, and he beat her by a length.

The Champion Stakes of the Thursday was one of the most interesting races of the year. Mr. Vyner's Minting, the first favourite, has been generally regarded as the best horse in training. The fact of his having been handicapped 20 lbs. higher than any other horse for the Cambridgeshire shows how very highly he was esteemed. In the opinion of very many excellent judges he is better looking than Ormonde, and it is doubtful whether any horse has ever combined power with quality to a greater extent. His victory in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap this spring had been by no means the least of his performances, and it had been all that Ormonde could do to struggle in for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, a neck in front of him, last year. Friar's Balsam, who was now to be his adversary, had been one of the most successful two-year-olds in the history of the Turf, and, until his severe abscess put him out of court, the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger had been regarded as completely at his mercy. The question was whether he had yet recovered completely from the effects of his ailment; for his ill-luck in having been run into during the race for the Lancashire Plate had rendered his performance on that occasion of no value as a criterion of his present condition. Minting also was suspected of being somewhat below the mark, and judges were divided in opinion on the question of his fitness. The odds of 10 to 6 were laid on Minting, and 5 to 2 was laid against Friar's Balsam. Half a dozen horses ran, and Benburb and Zanzibar made the running on the left-hand side of the course; while Friar's Balsam came steadily along the middle, with Minting at his quarters. When they had travelled about three-fourths of the journey the two favourites came to the front, and they sailed down the hill from the Bushes side by side, their jockeys sitting perfectly still. Minting appeared to be pulling hard until nearing the Abingdon Bottom, when Webb could be seen at work upon him, and, as they came up the incline towards the winning-post, he was evidently beaten. George Barrett had no occasion to rouse Friar's Balsam, who won by half a length. Some people thought that Minting walked away quite sound after the race, but others maintained that he went a little tenderly. Without wishing to detract from Friar's Balsam's triumph, we may be allowed to doubt whether either horse was quite at his best. To what a glorious roll of winners Friar's Balsam's name has been added by this race—Bendigo, Ormonde, Paradox, Tristan, Thebais, Bend Or, Robert the Devil, Rayon d'Or, Jannette, and Springfield! We ought not to omit to add that Zanzibar ran a bad third and Mamia fourth. The latter ran well as far as the Abingdon Bottom, with this result, that, whereas she had stood at 12 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire before the race, she was backed in one bet for 5,000*l*. to 1,000*l*. after it.

For the Newmarket Oaks, a valiant plunger laid 6,600*l*. to 200*l*. on Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, the winner of the Oaks, St. Leger, and Lancashire Plate. He won his bet; but he must have enjoyed the pleasures of a sensation when Lord Durham's Bellatrix, to whom she was giving a stone, ran in alongside of

her, and was barely defeated by a head. It is hardly possible that this can have been Seabreeze's true form, as Bellatrix had been unplaced to her, at exactly the same weights, at Ascot. At the sale of Mr. Benzon's horses, the two-year-old Barkham was sold for 1,950 guineas. It will be remembered that he was bought in, in the spring, when Lord Rodney made a bid of 3,000 guineas for him. General Owen Williams's The Lizard, who won 1,336*l.* in stakes last year, now only made 40 guineas at auction.

On the Friday, Wise Man, who had won two important handicaps at the First October Meeting, was made favourite for the Newmarket Derby. It was common gossip that he had been purchased the previous evening for 2,000*l.*, on condition that he should pass a veterinary examination, and that, as he did not fulfil this condition, he was not sold. How much truth there may have been in this story we have no authority for saying; but we do know that in the race he was beaten by Mr. Houldsworth's enormous and roaring colt, Arrandale, the winner of the Midland Derby, who has nine defeats to his name this year against these two victories. Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado, with odds laid on him, won the Prendergast Stakes without difficulty, although giving weight to his two opponents, both of whom had been winners. Lord Calthorpe won the Great Challenge Stakes with Sandal, who now scored her first victory of the season. After her good promise as a two-year-old, she had hitherto run in a very disappointing manner this year, and critics were even inclined to dispute the merits of her victory on this occasion. She won by two lengths; the question was whether Ormuz, who ran second, did not dwell a little when he might have won. This last race of the meeting afforded matter for serious consideration, as Sandal had been a good deal backed for the approaching Cambridgeshire. With fine weather and excellent sport, the Second October Meeting was the most successful that had been held at Newmarket for a long time.

SHAKING HANDS WITH A SAUCEPAN.

IF ever we are seized with a desire to understand what manner of women our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were, let us not disdain the information which may be obtained by studying the cookery-books of eighty or a hundred years ago. Our great-grandmothers themselves studied little else. Some of them sighed and wept over the sorrows of Clarissa, liked to linger with Harriet Byron in her cedar parlour, were not quite sure what they thought of Pamela, got much garniture for mind and body out of the Belle Assemblée; but, for the most part, little enough reading did they do. Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Raffald, and certain well-informed persons who sheltered themselves behind the appellation of "A Lady," were quite enough for them; and these writers knew it, and, while teaching the noble art of cookery, almost always benevolently added a number of miscellaneous observations on life and conduct likely to be useful to girls whose "ornamental education had commenced before impressions of duty had been made."

These old cookery-books seem to bring us much nearer to our dead and gone progenitresses, and show us that, though they did not read much, and could do mighty little in the way of spelling, they were simpler, and perhaps sweeter, women than their granddaughters. They could scarcely fail to be so, for the mere exercise of the one art which they practised as an art brought them hour by hour in the most intimate relations with Nature and her bounties. In the season when green things flourished hardly a day can have passed without these good ladies themselves going into their gardens to seek the fagot of sweet herbs which was to impart flavour and fragrance to their "ragoos" and savouries; or the marigolds which poor Charles Lamb hated so much when they floated on his mess of Charter House pottage, but which Simple Susan's enemy Barbara found so tempting. The greater part of our grandmothers' lives must have been spent in culling simples, expressing juices, gathering fruits, and spying out things to pickle. This was not done haphazard. Solomon tells us that there is a time for all things, and Mrs. Raffald and her sisters tell us the time to gather fruit, and many a thing besides. "Gather your currants while the sun is hot upon them." "Pick your clary-leaves in the dry," "Pick 'something else' in the cool." It was therefore with our grandmothers a constant round of watchfulness and duty, and it seems strange that it is only recorded of one woman that she was married when she went out into the garden to pick parsley, or that little Mary in Grimm's *Household Tales* is the only one said to have found a husband when she went to cut cabbages; for lovers, and would-be lovers, ought to have known where women were likely to be found during canonical hours.

What was there—was there anything that the women of a hundred years ago did not pickle or preserve? They pickled parsley green to cheat grim winter of some of its terrors; they pickled "nasturtions"—and a very excellent pickle they make. They pickled the large shoots of elder to imitate "the Indian bamboo." "They put out in the middle of May, and the middle shoots are the most tender." They pickled green walnuts "when they will bear a pin to go into them"—which also is done to this day. They were aware that "the clusters of elder-flowers makes (*sic*) a delicate pickle before it opens," and that to effect

this it was only necessary to pour vinegar over them. They also knew that the seeds of elder should be pickled while still green, as a substitute for capers, and that "large cucumbers of the kind called green turley, prepared as mangoes, are excellent, and come sooner into eating." They pickled radish-pods, young artichokes, horse-radish, samphire, marigold flowers, and more things than can well be enumerated. Having pickled nearly every green shoot, stalk, pod, and seed, they began to do the same by plums, apricots, peaches, currants, and grapes. When they set about making jams no fruit escaped them—they even attacked vegetables. When they made cakes it was the same. Parsnips, raspberries, &c., were made into cakes, and red beetroot, potatoes, and oranges into biscuits. The recipe for violet cakes reads delightfully:—"Take the finest violets you can get, pick off the leaves, beat the violets fine in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, beat and sift twice their weight of double-refined sugar, put your sugar and violets into a silver saucepan or tankard, set it over a slow fire, keep stirring it gently until all your sugar is dissolved; if you let it boil it will discolour your violets; drop them in china plates; when you take them off put them in a box, with paper between every layer." Can anything be more charming and ethereal than this? The only point at which it seems to touch common earth is the sugar, and that is to be double refined. The china plates doubtless were such as would now make the joy of a collector and madden his wife by their price. Would that the time when women found healthy excitement in turning this mixture out of the pan, with the colour of the violets undisturbed by the rude, passionate act of boiling, were back again; it was a time when Satan must surely have found fewer idle hands to do his work. For our own part, we never take up a paper and read some horrible story of woman's guilt or folly without wishing that the days of silver saucepans and delicate confections were once more with us; it is more than probable that the women who err so greatly have, as Dr. Kitchener says, "never shaken hands with a saucepan in their lives." But to return to our great-grandmothers. Even after their pickles and preserves were made, flowers, fruit, and vegetables had other missions to fulfil. Tarts were made of sorrel, cucumbers were "farced," not with pearls, as in the *Arabian Nights*, but with more savoury compounds, and the garden supplied many a dainty dish besides.

Wine-making, too, was then a recognized branch of female industry, and every fruit in turn was chosen as a basis, and some flowers and vegetables—notably cowslips and parsnips—were promoted to the same dignity. There is a very pretty recipe for cowslip mead, made of honey, lemons, seven pecks of cowslip pips, and a handful of sweetbriar. The sweetbriar is a delicious ingredient, but think of picking seven pecks of pips! A recipe is given for making elder-flower wine "from the tree which bears white berries." We are confidently told that "it drinks very like Frontinac." Wine of black elder-berries is said to be equal to the best Hermitage claret; and another recipe instructs us how to make wine of white elder berries, "which is so like the fine rich wine brought home from Cyprus, in its colour and flavour, that it has deceived the best judges." So says one of our grandmothers' books; but we cannot but think of Mrs. Browning, and fear that, if "Old Bacchus were the speaker, he would tell us with a sigh," that this elder-flower wine was never "soft as the Muses' string, tawny as Rhea's lion, bright as Paphia's eyes, or sweet as the honey made by the brown bees of Hymettus." Such as it was, it was made in days gone by, and so was Clary wine. Or sycamore, birch, walnut, blackberry, or balm wines—all these were once made by fair and dainty housewives, and now are made no more. And, then there was shrub, wherein to one gallon of new milk flavoured with lemons and Seville oranges was added two quarts of red wine, two gallons of rum, and one of brandy. Sweet dishes, also, were generally made by the ladies of the family, and there is much play of fancy in the naming of them. In turning over the pages we find directions how to spin gold and silver webs for dessert, to spin birds' nests, to make a Chinese temple or obelisk, a fishpond with silver and gold fishes, a hen's nest, with strips of lemon for straw, and eggs filled with flummery, a hen and chickens in jelly, a desert island. "Take a lump of paste and form it into a rock three inches broad at the top, set it in the middle of a deep china dish, and set a cast figure on it with a crown on its head and a knot of sugar candy at its feet, &c." "If this dish is for a wedding-supper, put two figures instead of one," so the desert island is not so much of a desert after all. Next comes a "Rocky Island," and then a "Floating Island," with sheep, swans, "or you may put in snakes, or any wild animals of the same sort." Moonshine is another dish with a pretty name, and there is likewise a recipe for "Moon and Stars in Jelly," a half moon with seven stars shining out of flummery coloured with cochineal and chocolate to imitate the colour of the sky. We still have numbers of people among us whose eye for colour is as fine as that of the inventor of this; but who now makes moon and stars in jelly? "Solomon's Temple in flummery" is a yet finer flight of the imagination. A recipe for making an amulet takes our fancy, but loses its attraction when we find it is only Mrs. Raffald's way of spelling omelet.

Who can say how much the construction of some of these quaintly-named and delicately-compounded dishes may have been to our grandmothers? Perhaps it was their poetry, their sphere of art, their one escape from the monotony of their quiet lives.

The fancy of cooks of a hundred years ago played lightly about "Solids and Savouries," too, and they also have taking names. We learn how "To make a Porcupine of a Breast of Veal and to Surprise a Shoulder of Mutton." Every joint, by the way, was liable to be surprised, and many were liable to be dressed to look like a hen and chickens. Veal was bombarded, pigeons were transmogrified. There are directions to Florentine a Hare (probably a bad attempt at Florentine), and also to make a Solomon Gundy, "To make an artificial Turtle," and "To Barbecue a Pig." We will not, however, enter on the more important branch of cookery; all that now concerns us is the part in which our grandmothers were most actively interested. What a pity it is that so few women now care for it sufficiently to make them overcome their fear of entering their own kitchens at odd times! What a pity that the class spoken of as those who have never shaken hands with a stewpan is now so large, and the number of those who possess a silver saucepan so infinitesimally small! The sight of a dear, white-haired lady measuring out one wineglassful of port wine, and two of what she called "fair spring water," into a bright silver saucepan, with sugar, and cinnamon and other spices from her own spice-box, when we had a cold, is something never to be forgotten. How many ladies now possess a spice-box, or could enumerate the spices which it ought to contain? and what lady could promptly answer if asked which are the four cold seeds? With the changed lives of our women, changes have taken place in our gardens too. Where are many of the old vegetables, and what has become of so many of the "pot-herbs and small salladings"? Who now, as a matter of course, grows basil, hyssop, rue, burnet, balm, "tragopogon," purslane, sorrel, tansy, or sweet cicely? Who goes out to seek these or other "sprigs of summer," or rosemary, or handfuls of sweet-briar for flavouring, or myrtle to put in the bills of pigeons? What careful housewife gathers hop shoots to eat in the place of asparagus? Such knowledge is now known no longer, and much that was pleasant and good has gone with it. Time was when women ought to have been as poetical as landscape painters, whose almanac is for ever before their eyes in the diurnal changes of Nature.

PICTURES FROM THE LAST SALON.

THE winter exhibitions are upon us already. At least, one gallery is open, two or three open to-day, and as many more next week and the week after. The managers of the Continental Gallery in New Bond Street have assembled about a hundred French pictures of very various degrees of merit. French taste is not always our taste, and there is too often a disposition shown to compel rather than to deserve admiration. When reviewing the Salon at large, last summer, we took occasion to observe that French art to a higher degree than any other takes colour from passing events and from general movements. This quality undoubtedly gives it an ephemeral character, and, naturally, their size and other reasons concur to prevent the more monumental works from travelling over here. Moreover of those that have come very few, if any, were noticed in our two articles on the Salon (*Saturday Review*, May 26, June 30, 1888). The present exhibition contains very little that is first-rate, and that little is often marred by the choice of subject. Two large historical pictures may be first noticed, but not because they are of the highest quality. In one of them we see the young Napoleon at the sack of a palace during the Revolution. "He had found the Crown of France, and had picked it up," says the Catalogue. The picture is by M. Dumas, and was rewarded in the Salon with a prize. It is not very interesting, but the figures, and especially the accessorial surroundings, are well and neatly painted. We see the mob howling in the background; in the middle is a royal robe dragged and rolled in blood, half-concealing the dead body of a guard. Napoleon stands to the right by himself, and looks wistfully at the crown in his hand. The second great historical picture is so disagreeable that even the critic who is obliged to look at it pities himself. It is by M. Gorsky, and represents the unhappy Coudayer seated at a table, over which Ivan the Terrible has caused his wife to be hanged. We cannot dwell on this horrible perversion of art, and would like to believe that only a depraved taste for horrors could find such a picture tolerable. Another large picture, "La Favorite," by M. Tillier, represents a well-modelled nude figure; but the face is so poor and devoid of charm that the picture is almost a failure. We may say the same of M. Coomans's "Mystères d'Isis," where three or four beautifully painted figures are spoilt by the wax-doll-like heads. "The Scullers of the Meurthe" have landed, and are lurching in the open air with their sweethearts, in their rowing costume. This fine picture is by M. Friant, who received a medal for it in the Salon. The execution is magnificent. There is an air, like the real air of atmosphere, in the landscape that makes up for a great deal that is merely vulgar and tasteless. Near it hangs a bit of wonderful finish in water-colour, by Professor Bazzani. It represents a mosaic fountain at Pompeii. Beside it is M. Lematte's "Hadiga returning from the Market at Cairo," which forms an admirable study, but not of Egyptian life; for no Cairene market-woman was ever dressed like M. Lematte's Hadiga. If the figure was studied in the East, it must have been in Syria.

Other Egyptian subjects are M. Frère's "Nile at Beni Soueff"—very true and full of sunlight—and M. Koerner's "Beggar," the Catalogue says, "of Messina, Upper Egypt," but there is no such place "in the geography." The picture is small, but very carefully and pleasingly painted and full of colour. M. Frappa's "Sieste," a mendicant friar asleep in the shade of a tree, while a magpie steals his lunch from his bundle, is comic and also well finished. Above the "Sieste" hangs a picture which ought never to have been painted, but which, having been painted, compels us to admire. It is "Le Repos de Midi," by M. Caucaunier, and represents a girl model of exquisite proportions, leaning back after a midday *déjeuner*. Her white soft limbs are but slightly concealed by a piece of black cloth wrapped tightly round them, and the execution of the picture leaves nothing to be desired. Nevertheless, that a painter who understands the excellence of a model so well as M. Caucaunier does should condescend to make this use of it is, on the whole, to be regretted. There are some very pleasing landscapes by M. Neubert, M. Normann, M. Guhde, and M. Munthe, whose winter scene is one of the best things in the gallery. "A Morning Toilet," by M. Vollou, is muddy in colour and poor in taste. M. Rondel's "Female Study" is very delicate in colour. As to M. Delondre's "Hors d'œuvre," which represents a fat Frenchman shooting a thin one, while the wife of somebody stands by, we can but say it is hardly up to the not very high level of our Mr. Frith. We have, of course, left a good many excellent single heads and also some good landscapes unnoticed; but, on the whole, if this is a fair sample of last summer's Salon, it can hardly be denied that the very general agreement we mentioned in May was right, and that this year's exhibition was not great, either in interest or technical excellence.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO GORDON.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT'S monument to General Gordon seems to us of good design; in size it is modest, and yet sufficient; it has the fortunate quality of looking intelligible at a distance; and its silhouette is happy from most points of view. To describe the design of the work is not necessary, for it is placed where all London can observe it at ease; but we would make some critical remarks on the sculptural decoration of Trafalgar Square which the erection of this new statue in its centre has suggested to us. Mr. Thornycroft has rebelled against a formula of his predecessors which never appeared to us so erroneous as it does now by the light of his experiment. The conditions which a sculptor has to take into consideration, in placing his monuments here and there in Trafalgar Square, are the buildings on the east, north, and west sides. There is one other element in the problem, however; and that is the immense Nelson Column to the south. Mr. Thornycroft has evidently disregarded this latter altogether, and now we see what a terrible mistake Adams and Behnes made in trying to force a compromise between the Column and the buildings round it. The Napier of the former sculptor and the Havelock of the latter show the unlucky results of this compromise; they were made vast, uncouth, and unwieldy, because of the attempted relation with the Column, which soars into the infinity of space, leaving the statues hopelessly in the lurch in their monstrous disproportion to the National Gallery and Morley's Hotel. Mr. Thornycroft has rejected this idea of competing with the Column, and the consequence is that his monument, large as it is, has a look of delicacy and grace.

We are beginning to understand in this country, what the French have long understood, that the true way to ensure success in sculpture is to keep the monuments in relation to the existing buildings. It is a commonplace of criticism to admire the old equestrian statue of Charles I. at the top of Whitehall; but if we examine this work very carefully we shall be at a loss to determine what it is in the design or the modelling which gives us so much pleasure. We suspect the real reason why this work satisfies the eye so well is that it is in rare proportion to its surroundings, of just the right size, and supported on a singularly graceful pedestal. No doubt, when the smaller statue of the Duke of Wellington has replaced the old colossal horror at Hyde Park Corner, the eye will find an instant relief in the reduction of size; while that the Albert Memorial is greatly spoiled by Foley's enormous and disproportionate central statue of the Prince Consort is certain. Mr. Thornycroft's pedestal, by the way, is made of white Hopton Wood limestone, and the elegance of this support calls painful attention to the hideous masses of granite which form the bases of the Napier and the Havelock. If these unfortunate statues cannot themselves be superseded, is it too much to ask that their pedestals should be replaced by something less inartistic than these blocks of grey uncarvable granite? It would not be necessary to have them very high. The pedestal of the Gordon is slender and lofty indeed, but no doubt because the high terrace is its immediate background, and could not be permitted to cut the line of the statue.

While we are on the subject of public sculpture, we must spare a word of thanks to Mr. Plunket for doing what none of his predecessors in office ever thought of doing, and that is cleaning our London bronze statues. The charming James II. in Whitehall Gardens is now visible for the first time to living

Londoners, with his horrible coating of coagulated filth scraped off the golden patina of his surface. Mr. Plunket has virtually given us a statue by this act of piety. His men, to judge by the scaffolding in Waterloo Place, are now about to perform the same kind office for the Guards' Monument. This will be excellent; for this work, the unhappy silhouette of which has done its design and execution an injustice, will now at last be seen in its detail. Mr. Bell, the now venerable sculptor, has never received his due meed of recognition for this monument, regarding which judgment should now at least be suspended until Mr. Plunket has plucked away its thick coat of defilement.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

ON Monday last M. Mayer opened his twentieth season of French plays with a dramatized version by MM. Cremieux and Decourcelle of M. Halévy's well-known novel *L'Abbé Constantin*. The piece was highly successful last season at the Gymnase, owing chiefly, no doubt, to M. Lafontaine's remarkable impersonation of the *Abbé*, but also, perhaps, to the unwonted moral propriety which distinguishes the play no less than the novel from the current French dramatic and literary works of the day. To English audiences, of course, the piece will not possess this attraction; and when its inordinate length is taken into consideration, it is a question as to whether the young ladies for whom M. Mayer is catering will not suffer more in health from the late hours which a visit to the Royalty entails than they would have done in morals if a shorter, and perhaps less easily understood, piece of the usual French pattern had been provided for them. For the benefit of those persons who are unacquainted with M. Halévy's book, a "Brief Analysis" of the story and play has been prepared by M. Frédéric Mayer, and copies of a most remarkable translation of his pamphlet, by a gentleman who remains anonymous, are sold at the theatre for sixpence apiece. According to this translator, *L'Abbé Constantin* is "the most commendable book one could possibly think of—a pastoral compared to which *The Vicar of Wakefield* becomes a dark melodrama." If the introduction of dramatic interest into a play converts it from a pastoral into a melodrama, no doubt this is the case; for M. Halévy's work contains no dramatic situations whatever. The story is exceedingly simple. The scene is laid in the village of Longueval, where an American millionaire, a certain Mme. Scott, has acquired the property of the deceased Marquise de Longueval. *L'Abbé Constantin*, the curé of Longueval, is horrified to hear that the property of his deceased friend the Marquise has passed into the hands of heretic strangers. When, however, Mme. Scott and her sister, Miss Bettina Percival, arrive, the curé finds to his great relief that their mother was a French Canadian and that both ladies are good Catholics. Miss Percival and one M. Jean Reynaud, an officer of artillery and a ward of the curé's, proceed to fall in love with one another. There would have been no possible obstacle to their marriage but for the marvellous modesty of Jean Reynaud. In spite of the repeated advances made to him by Miss Percival, who, like her sister, prefers to take the initiative in such matters, M. Jean Reynaud's scruples will not allow him to marry a lady with such a colossal fortune; moreover, he is devoted to his profession, and he very rightly reflects that the life of a French garrison town might be unsuitable to a young lady accustomed to every luxury and excitement which Paris can supply. Miss Percival, however, persists, and couches her proposal in terms which admit of no denial on his part. The dramatists have tried to escape from the monotony of the story by elevating a subordinate character, one Paul de Lavardens, into a rival pretender to Miss Percival's hand, with the result that he and Jean Reynaud fight a duel at the end of the second act. No harm comes of it, however, as Jean disarms his rival three times, after which they embrace. This scene was very ineffectively played by all the actors concerned, with the notable exception of M. Lafontaine. Even he, however, failed to give reality to the situation, and one is forced to the conclusion that the dramatists have done their work clumsily. The whole character and treatment of the play bear out this view; and, but for M. Lafontaine's delightful rendering of the *Abbé*, it is improbable the piece would ever have been seen on this side of the Channel. The dialogue of MM. Cremieux and Decourcelle is simply cut in slabs from the novel. Every trivial incident in the story is mercilessly introduced in its proper order. Thus, in the first act, Miss Percival's hair comes down when she takes off her hat in the garden of the *presbytère*; in the second she cuts her finger in attempting to unbar the window; and so on, throughout the play, until the wearied spectator who has had the misfortune to read the novel recently is startled to find that at the end of the first act the authors are still at p. 30 of the book. To turn to the consideration of the acting, M. Lafontaine is in every way admirable, and recalls the memorable playing of Mr. Irving as the Vicar in *Olivia*. Mlle. Jane May is not very well suited to her part. Her manner of laying the dinner-table reminds us of the supper scene in *Divorçons*, where, under other circumstances, she was much more at home. In the second and last act she wears her hair in a single plat down the back and a short muslin frock. In fact, she is "made-up" as Suzanne in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, which is a great mistake; for Miss Bettina Percival was fully

two years older than Suzanne. Nevertheless, her acting in the last scene, where she proposes to Jean, was quite admirable. With the exception of Mlle. Guertet in the part of Mme. Scott, the other actors were unsatisfactory.

ADULTERATION.

II.

UNSATISFACTORY as may be, and unquestionably is, the food at not a few of our West End restaurants, English as well as foreign, it is pleasant to know, on the high authority of Professor Wanklyn, that the beer is "all right." That, however, which the Professor tested was "bitter," and, we may now add, was purchased at one of the leading restaurants in the Club quarter of the metropolis. It is deeply to be regretted that the poor man's beer presented for analysis was found to be adulterated, tampered with, and in one case absolutely poisonous.

There is another description of beer, largely sold both in the West End and in the City, about which we have our suspicions; we refer to the beverage usually drunk in Vienna, Berlin, Geneva, and, notably, Amsterdam. Of all these, by far the best in every respect is the "Amstel" lager beer, made in the Dutch commercial capital, and exported, though not, we believe, in very large quantities, to England. Some of this so-called Amstel lager, which we recently tasted, but have not yet had scientifically tested, was, when compared with the delicious nut-brown creamy liquor which may be obtained in any Dutch *brasserie*, as "swipes" to the "bitter" brewed by the leading firms at Burton and elsewhere. Much of the ordinary so-called "lager" dispensed at our second- and third-rate restaurants is little better than "hog-wash"—thin, pale stuff, which none but an uneducated palate would ever put up with or quaff a second time. There is, it must be admitted, one West End Restaurant, of a high character throughout (even in its charges), where you get as perfect a "bock" as is obtainable this side the Channel; only, the large glass of this particular nectar costs you eightpence—of course, with the *pourboire*, ninepence or tenpence—and this may be termed a somewhat excessive price to pay for a glass of beer, although Mr. Thackeray paid two shillings for a bottle of pale ale at Rotterdam, which was certainly a case of that "asking too much" which, in conjunction with "giving too little," is alleged to be the especial *faiblesse* of the Dutch. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the "lager" beer now so extensively sold in this country is considerably "doctored"; consequently, those who drink it in preference to all other beverages should take heed of this warning.

Reverting once more to English beer, it is interesting to note what a well-known expert, Mr. A. Gordon Salamon, says concerning adulteration and dilution. To an assemblage of experts, composed mainly, if not entirely, of chemists and brewers, Mr. Salamon boldly put these important questions:—1. Is beer, as retailed by the publican, the same in quality and condition as when it leaves the brewery? 2. Is it tampered with by the retailer? 3. If so, what is the nature of the tampering? 4. To what extent does it prevail? These queries may well have provoked some heart-searchings among the audience, who must have been anything but gratified on hearing how their liquor was—and we may say is—treated by certain publicans. It seems that, if the publican elect to "fine" his own beer in his own cellar, "the odds are in favour of his being able to add water, or sugar and water, without entirely disfiguring the sample; but, if the beer is delivered to him fined and shived down, or containing finings and shived down, as is often the case with country breweries, then it is impossible to adulterate without disastrously affecting the appearance and the taste of the beer. If, notwithstanding this knowledge, sugar and water be added, and the treatment be tolerated, it cannot be wondered at that 'muck' is sold in lieu of genuine beer." Strong confirmation of the assertion made in the initial article of this series—namely, that "an inferior, and in some cases poisonous, article is palmed off upon the working-man"—is afforded by Mr. Salamon's subsequent observations. "There is no good," he says, "in blinking facts, and, however unpleasant the statement may be, there is no doubt that many publicans do tamper with their beer." The modern representative of the once-honoured and jovial John Barleycorn has, it seems, a painful weakness for reducing the strength of the beer by the sale of which he makes a snug living; he calls it "dilution," and there is abundant proof that this practice has largely prevailed among the keepers of public-houses. It is not much of an excuse for these tricksters that there is no absolute proof "that they add ingredients which are deleterious to health," and that the adulteration consists mainly in the addition of sugar and water to the beer, "and, in some very rare cases, of salt." The fact remains that those who are dishonest enough to participate in such a practice as dilution convert the brewer's five barrels into six, and thus perpetrate a gross fraud upon the poorer portion of the population—the workmen, the artisans, and indeed the indigent of all classes. Section 8 of the Inland Revenue Act, 1885, declares that it is illegal for the publican to add anything to the beer, "except finings for the purpose of clarification"; still, it is evident that the abominable practice denounced by Mr. Salamon

is very seldom detected by the Excise or punished by the law. "Whether such practices are general throughout the country," adds the authority from whom we have quoted, "I am unable to state. My opinion is, that when attention is directed to the matter, it will be found that they are." The peculiar and much-admired bitter flavour is often given to beer by the introduction of quassia and a host of other things. "Colour," says Dr. Hassall, "should be due solely to the malt, and to the ripeness and colour of the hops employed. The colour of porter and stout is due to black or patent malt, which is simply ordinary malt over-roasted. Finings," we are told, "consist chiefly of isinglass, or sometimes gelatine, although the addition of sugar to the wort, including cane-sugar, is allowed by law; but, we presume, such addition to the beer is not permissible after it is fermented and with the view to its adulteration by means of water; and hence, when the presence of cane-sugar is demonstrated in common beer, it must be taken as affording conclusive evidence of its adulteration." We learn, on the indisputable authority of this eminent analyst, that "the vegetable bitters which have been employed in adulterating beer are gentian, chiretta, quassia, wormwood, orange-peel, orange-bitter, camomile or picric acid, cocculus indicus, and strychnine. The three last are highly poisonous. Salt is used by the brewer; but there is no doubt that a further quantity is frequently used by the publican to assist in bringing up the flavour of beer which has been reduced in strength by the addition of water." Reading this formidable catalogue, one sighs for the good old days of "home-brewed," and, unfortunately, sighs in vain.

REVIEWS.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

THIS book is, we are inclined to think, the most "curious and disgusting" example of a modern, but apparently increasing, delusion that we have yet come across. We use the word delusion instead of a harsher one; first, because Mr. Ingram has really done useful service to literature before now, as in his long devotion to the memory of Edgar Poe, and, therefore, we desire to deal tenderly with him; secondly, because we believe that there really is a certain amount of genuine delusion in the matter. It has been recorded by several trustworthy travellers who have not responded to the advances of the American interviewer that that person has condescended to be rather sorry than angry at their misguided conduct. The public, he has gently urged, has "a right to know" all about distinguished or undistinguished individuals, and it is a grievous mistake as well as wrong, the act of a felon and a churl at once, to deprive the public of that knowledge. In this humour is Mr. J. H. Ingram. His introductory note would afford an exceedingly curious cento of half-plaintive, half-indignant remonstrances with a gentleman who happens to be now living for not being in a hurry to lay open for public inspection his dead wife's letters to himself and others. Most comic of all, Mr. Ingram seems to take actual credit to himself for having, in spite of these drawbacks, produced the "initial biography" of his subject—that is to say, for having anticipated the pleasure of the only persons who have the slightest right to decide on the matter. Nor is his text less rich in such matter than his introduction. Mr. Browning thinks that his wife was born on March 6, 1806; Mr. Ingram is sure that she was born on March 4, 1809. We need hardly do more than say—no sane and intelligent lover of literature need do more than say—that it does not matter the husk of a filbert which date is correct. But imagine a biographer in the lifetime of a lady's husband gravely pluming himself on having set right in this fashion the exact date of the lady's birth! Croker, according to Macaulay, had, in a somewhat similar proceeding, a malicious object; but, as Mr. Ingram makes Mrs. Browning out younger not older than is commonly believed, there can be nothing of this sort in his case. It must be pure love for the arts of the busybody and the literary marine-storekeeper. Another inimitable passage is that in which Mr. Ingram gravely discusses the "lasting antagonism of Mr. Barrett to the marriage of his daughter" with Mr. Browning, and decides that it is "neither unique nor singular." If this were intended or calculated impertinence there would be nothing to say about it; we should simply pass it and the book containing it in silence; but it is quite evidently nothing of the kind. That his proceeding is, in fact, one of the most grossly impertinent things possible has evidently not even occurred to Mr. Ingram; he finds it quite natural and void of offence. "The public has a right to know";—that, though he never formulates it in so many words, is evidently Mr. Ingram's cardinal doctrine.

We, on the other hand, shall consider ourselves at liberty to dismiss, with very slight reference, the biography which, by laborious comparison of what has been authoritatively published, of Miss Mitford's amiable gossip, of the letters published by the late Mr. Horne in that unluckily not altogether sunny old age which succeeded a youth of much promise and some performance, of the tattle of American visitors to Florence, and

so forth, Mr. Ingram has constructed. It is the less necessary to examine his results, and the less necessary to anticipate any further authoritative account, that Mrs. Browning's external life-history was admittedly of the most uneventful kind, and that her character is obvious to every person, competent to judge human nature, who has read even a single volume of her works. In hardly any case that we can think of is biographical detail so useless to the dense and so superfluous to the intelligent. The two excellently constructed volumes of *Selected Poems* (which really include all that posterity need trouble itself about, and which Mr. Ingram has apparently overlooked in his complaint that "her works are only accessible in costly editions") do not merely contain the work of this remarkable writer, but they contain her life, written so that every one who has the faculty of reading can read as he runs. Biographies of poets are too often an impertinent nuisance and stumbling-block; in this case they are pure surplusage.

Mr. Ingram's criticism is better than his biography, though this is not saying very much. He has a most unfortunate lingo, as when, speaking of *The Lay of the Brown Rosary*—which, in its beauties and imperfections alike, is Mrs. Browning in little—he says it "is of a purer tone and a more etherealized spirit than is generally prevalent in ballad poesy, ancient and modern." If this is not mere fustian, and does not claim the benefit of meaninglessness, as fustian may, it is incorrect; for there are hundreds of ballads, from "The Nut-Brown Maid" and the early French folk-songs to our own day, which are as "pure" and—as far as we know what this means—of as etherealized a spirit as the *Brown Rosary*. When Mr. Ingram talks about the "dry bones of those irretrievably dead Greek fathers of the Christian Church," he talks nonsense if he can read Greek, and worse than nonsense if he cannot. And though he makes some sensible remarks on separate poems—notably on *Aurora Leigh*—he does not anywhere attempt to make a critical estimate of the total impression which this extraordinarily spontaneous, vivid, voluminous, and unequal work produces on him. We should indeed rather doubt whether it has produced much of a total impression on him, for the lavish encomiums which he gives in places are practically incompatible with the blame he gives in others, or at least are in need of some harmonizing medium of general judgment which we nowhere here find. It may not therefore be impertinent to attempt to supply the want in a few sentences.

Whatever may have been at one time the case (and we do not think that it was ever very different with competent judges), the extravagant and glaring defects which mar Mrs. Browning's work are not now often denied by any one whose denial is important. Mr. Ingram rightly quotes her own rather nettled defence to Mr. Horne of the hideous rhymes which she affected, but that defence makes the matter worse. If she had—to supply the admitted poverty of the English tongue in double rhymes—merely hit on a bold assonance system, we might have doubted the wisdom, but should have allowed the legitimacy, of the experiment. But alas! "Hellas" and "tell us," "hushing" and "cushion," "palace" and "chalice," "linen" and "winning," are not good assonances; they are simply bad and vulgar rhymes. The slur of *u* for *a*, the popularisms of "pallis," "linning," "cushing," may be heard every day in London streets as corruptions and vulgarisms, and, therefore, ought to be avoided at any cost by the poet. Nor, again, is any one likely to defend the undisciplined and fatal fluency which (though she is less alone here among true poets) waters down and spoils much, if not all, of her work. The endless gush and the sickening sentimentality, the nauseous chatter about "womanhood" and "woman's heart," and all the rest of it, which she almost invented, but of which the secret by no means died with her, the evidence on every page of a total ignorance, except for what poetic intuition gave her, of the open, free, healthy life of the world, and the substitution for it of the morbid fancies of the sick-room, the dreams of the library, the *comméragé* of the boudoir, are all equally unmistakable. Nor is it easy, for some people, at any rate, to forgive the devotion of her energies when she did at last begin to take some outlook beyond what she would herself have called the *gynæceum*, not to her own great country and its myriad interests, but to the fashionable and exotic crotchet of Italomania. All this is bad, and all this is allowed.

Yet when it is allowed for there remains in this poetry, with all its defects, with its almost infinite lack of criticism and taste, an extraordinary share of the root of the matter—of the indefinable essence without which the sanest and most faultless verse is only sane and faultless literature, not poetry at all. No poet who has possessed this essence in equal measure has so misused it—the misuse being, no doubt, due in part to causes over which the poet had no control, but also illustrating the thesis that it is practically impossible for a woman to be a poet of the very highest class. Had Mrs. Browning been at all conscious of the horrible faults of her verse, it is probable that she would have been so disgusted as to produce nothing at all, and that would have been a loss indeed. We, for our part, would with perfect equanimity give up to the flames and to eternal oblivion *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, as to which Mr. Ingram, though he knows too much not to admit its faults, uses the most extravagant language of praise. The admirable purpose and the real humanity of *The Cry of the Children* are spoilt for us by its unreality, its length, its gush. *Aurora Leigh* is, after all (and we do not think Mr. Ingram and we have much quarrel on this point),

* *Eminent Women Series—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* By J. H. Ingram. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

a bad novel with a purpose, which might have been a little less bad if it had been told in prose, but even then would only have been the popular novel with a purpose of its day. But plenty of things remain which, if criticizable and parodiable à *merci et à miséricorde*, are as unmistakably poetry as anything that was ever written. The affectation and the false notes of the *Romaunt of Margret*, the *Brown Rosary*, the *Duchess May*, the *Romaunt of the Page*, cannot veil or countervail their beauties—beauties of the kind that any one not a poet, whether he or she, might toil for a lifetime without achieving. The conclusion of *Catarina to Camoens*—though even this is faulty enough, and though hardly any poet but Mrs. Browning would have lost the opportunity of distilling the whole poem into something a tenth as bulky and a hundred times as good—is a masterpiece. *Lord Walter's Wife* is as much better than *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* as it is shorter. You simply cannot beat in their own way—a way a trifle over-luscious perhaps; but so are peaches and pine-apples—the best of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and there is no better critical exercise than to read the dismal rubbish of *Casa Guidi Windows*, to turn to *A Vision of Poets*, and in this latter faulty, but partially admirable, work to trace the dram of eale which mars so much of the noble substance of the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Indeed, it is possible that, as time goes on, only two classes, the extremely uncritical and the extremely critical, will be able to read Mrs. Browning with any pleasure:—the uncritical, because they will not perceive the faults, and will feel in their dim but not unhappy manner the beauties; the critical, because they will perceive the cause of the faults (which is always satisfactory), and, like sensible people, will not bother themselves over the causes of the beauties which, indeed, like the causes of most beauties, are altogether past finding out. And if anybody wishes to say the best and the worst of her in a few words, he will say for the latter, "She thought

Thou still, thou cold, thou white

was a translation of Heine's

Du Stille, du Kalte, du Bleiche."

And for the former "She wrote

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only."

THE MAPLESON MEMOIRS.*

NO one knows more about the operatic history of the last forty years than Mr. Henry Mapleson, for a long time manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, and at one period partner with Mr. Gye—the two being usually determined rivals—in the management of the Royal Italian Opera; and in these two volumes he tells what he knows with the utmost frankness and candour. Mr. Mapleson is himself a musician. He has played a violin in the orchestra and has sung tenor parts in opera; but he does not pretend that he has had any design of elevating musical taste or raising the artistic character of the operatic stage. He started an opera company as a speculation nearly half a century ago, and of course lost money, according to the inevitable fate of all managers of Italian opera in this country; ever since he has been trying, without success, to get the money back again, and he gives us to understand that the attempt, extremely doubtful as its accomplishment seems after so many years of failure, is not yet abandoned. He has had in his companies the most admirable singers whose services could be secured, for the reason that great names draw; but if he quotes with pride the list of those who have sung in his theatre, he is equally ready to make merry over reminiscences of such desperate shifts as when, not being able to find a tenor who could take the character of Lionello in *Marta*, he accidentally came across one who, though he had never even seen the work, was familiar with the one romance "M'appari," having sung it in English at a concert. This was enough for the enterprising impresario. Two or three hours afterwards the vocalist, with this scanty equipment of knowledge and what more could be gathered from a hurried interview with Mlle. Titiens and Mme. Trebelli, the *Marta* and *Nancy*, was playing the part at Her Majesty's. Mr. Mapleson has no hesitation about taking us behind the scenes, and many are the amusing stories he has to tell of the whims and oddities of those whose names are famous in the annals of Italian opera. There is a humour and neatness about his way of relating these anecdotes which is a rare quality in one who can have had little practice in writing.

An all too stirring event which Mr. Mapleson describes is the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre on the evening of the day when he had refused to give a fire-insurance agent a ten-pound note to clinch a project for insuring the theatre for 30,000*l.* Mr. Mapleson was dining at Mlle. Titiens's house at St. John's Wood when attention was directed to a glare in the sky, and the great prima donna and Signor Bevnigani exclaimed with one voice, "It's the theatre!" It was so, and the manager whose whole possessions were in flames covered the four miles with all possible speed. "On my pointing out to the firemen certain doors which they ought to break open in order to recover wardrobes, music, &c., I was told to 'mind my own business,'" Mr. Mapleson

drily states, and what followed gives a proof of his readiness of resource. On leaving the wrecked building he hurried to the house of Mr. Jarrett, his acting manager:—

Jarrett was in bed. But he had already heard of the calamity, and expressed great regret. I desired him at once to go over to Chatterton, the then lessee of Drury Lane, who resided in the neighbourhood of Clapham, and endeavour to secure his theatre from March till the end of July before he could hear of my disaster.

"Go as quickly as possible," I said, "and if the newspaper is lying about be careful he does not see it."

On arriving at Chatterton's the first thing Jarrett saw, lying on the hall table, was the *Times* newspaper. He threw his top coat over it, and waited quietly downstairs until Chatterton, who was dressing, could receive him. Then, like the able diplomatist he was, without appearing at all anxious, he concluded a short agreement whereby I was to have the use of Drury Lane for the following spring and summer seasons, with a right to renew the occupation for future years. By half-past nine o'clock Mr. Jarrett was able to hand me the agreement, and it was not until half-past ten that Mr. Gye drove up to Mr. Chatterton's to inform him of the disaster. Mapleson had met with, and at the same time to offer him 200*l.* per week provided he did not let Drury Lane for Italian Opera.

Sharp practice, but it will be seen that sharp people had to be encountered!

It is just possible that some of the stories which are so divertingly told may not gratify the heroes and heroines of them, for many of the personages who figure in these pages are still alive, and certain to read the book. The account of the jealousies of Mme. Patti and Mme. Gerster is not the least quaint thing in the *Memoirs*. The latter excellent artist was declared by Mme. Patti to have the "evil eye," and whenever anything went wrong it was attributed by Rosina to her rival's malign influence—indeed, Mr. Mapleson assures us that when the earthquake occurred at San Francisco, "Gerster!" was the first exclamation of Mme. Patti when she felt the earth trembling beneath her. As for Mme. Patti, no small portion of the two volumes is devoted to her. She is introduced in the second chapter as a young artist (1861) who was to appear four nights on approval, after which, in case of success, she was to have a salary of 40*l.* a week. When last she sang under Mr. Mapleson's management the terms had risen to 65*l.* a night, and now, we believe, the price of her services is considerably higher.

The author's confession that Italian opera has never paid as a continuous—not to use the word permanent—speculation is sufficiently clear, and we are driven to ask the reason why. Perhaps the book will supply an answer. We are led to believe, indeed, that Italian opera has never, or has only on rare and exceptional occasions, been presented in the form of a rational entertainment. It has been the vogue at times. Different *prime donne* have been strong attractions. Grisi was so—at any rate in conjunction with Mario. Titiens deserved to be, though she did not in this respect quite secure her deserts. Mme. Nilsson for some years was a formidable rival of Mme. Patti, and in all the higher qualities of her art Mme. Nilsson was far the superior, however remunerative "Patti nights" may have been to Mr. Gye at the Royal Italian Opera. Mme. Patti was, and is, a superlatively fine vocalist; but as an interpreter of dramatic character she has never risen above the rank of an experienced but conventional soubrette, while Mme. Nilsson has often shown herself to be a great actress. Mme. Albani has capacity, and though the attempt to rank her near Mme. Patti as a primary attraction, or near Mme. Nilsson as an artist has always been a complete failure, adroitly as it has been attempted, the Canadian *prima donna* has to some extent held her own. Mme. Lucca, a remarkably fine actress and an admirable vocalist, has never, in spite of her wide range of talent—she has been unapproached as Cherubino and as Selika—enjoyed the esteem she merited. Mme. Nevada, one of the most accomplished and delightful of modern singers, has been permitted to come and go almost unnoticed; the art of Mme. Sembrich was not appreciated, and the coming tenor has not yet appeared since Mario left his place vacant. Signor Gayarré, who has good and bad qualities, made some bid for the position, but did not persist, and the nearest approach to the ideal is M. Jean de Reszké, an admirable artist, who, however, lacks charm of voice. The subject is likely to lead us astray, and we must not be tempted. What we proposed to remark when induced to digress was, that though popular favourites have been sources of attraction, Italian opera has only by accident been presented now and again by artists able to sing the music, on one hand, and, on the other, to give anything approaching to an adequate representation of the characters engaged upon the plot. We have seen how Mr. Mapleson was perforce content to send on his stage a representative of Lionello who knew nothing more of the character than the air of the romance in the third act; and this is only one of several stories which he has to tell not dissimilar in idea. For several seasons Signor Fancelli was *primo tenore* at Mr. Mapleson's theatre. He essayed the most important tenor characters in the repertory, Faust, Raoul, and Lohengrin, as well as Elvino and less exacting parts. Let us give his manager's own description of the artistic ability of this leading member of the company:—

Some rude critics having declared of Signor Fancelli's singing that it would have been better if he had made a regular study of the vocal art, he spoke to me seriously about taking lessons. But he declared that he had no time, and that as he was making money by singing in the style to which he was accustomed it would be better to defer studying until he had finished his career, when he would have plenty of leisure. About this time the strange idea occurred to him of endeavouring to master the meaning of the parts entrusted to him in the various operas. "In *Medea*," he innocently remarked, "during the last two years I have played the part of a man named 'Jason'; but what he has to do with 'Medea,' I have

* *The Mapleson Memoirs*, 1848–1888. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1888.

never been able to make out. Am I her father, her brother, her lover, or what?"

Incidentally we may remark on the satiric humour of representing Signor Fancelli's aspiration as a "strange idea" which "occurred to him." The ironical implication is, however, that the leading representatives of character in Italian operas wander about the stage, singing their music and going through a species of traditional drill, but doing less than nothing towards interpreting the story. Audiences seem to be to a great extent what singers make them, and, to show the appreciation of dramatic power found among what must to all appearances be reckoned as an audience of average intelligence, let us quote the following anecdote:—

It was in the middle of the third act, when "Don José," the tenor (Ravelli), was about to introduce an effective high note which generally brought down the house, that "Carmen" rushed forward and embraced him—why I could never understand. Being interrupted at the moment of his effect, he was greatly enraged, and by his movements showed that he had resolved to throw Mme. Hauk into the orchestra. But she held firmly on to his red waistcoat, he shutting all the time, "*Laissez-moi, Laissez-moi!*" until all the buttons came off one by one, when she retired hastily to another part of the stage. Ravelli rushed forward and exclaimed, "*Regardez, elle a déchiré mon gilet!*" and with such rage that he brought down thunders of applause, the people believing this genuine expression of anger to be part of the play.

The story is funny enough, but to what extent can we suppose that the action of *Carmen* was being understood? Of course we know the difficulties that stand in the way of satisfactory performances. At a leading theatre a play, even a revival, is carefully rehearsed for some weeks before it is ready to be acted; but Mr. Mapleson expressly tells us that Mme. Patti and some of his principal performers never contemplated to rehearse at all. How, then, is it possible to obtain anything like an effective *ensemble*? If it be maintained that Italian opera is only an excuse for the singing of songs and concerted pieces by vocalists in costume, with a more or less picturesque background, one understands what is meant; but this does not satisfy the requirements of auditors who possess a sense of dramatic fitness.

We must confess that from the glimpse Mr. Mapleson affords us of the Italian singers off the stage we are not very much impressed with their intelligence as a class or with their freedom from petty jealousies and ridiculous vanities. One story on this head we cannot resist the temptation of quoting:—

It will perhaps have been observed that by one of the clauses of Mme. Patti's engagement the letters of her name are in all printed announcements to be one-third larger than the letters of any one else's name; and during the progress of the Chicago Festival, I saw Signor Nicolini armed with what appeared to be a theodolite, and accompanied by a gentleman who I fancy was a great geometer, looking intently and with a scientific air at some wall-posters on which the letters composing Mme. Patti's name seemed to him not quite one-third larger than the letters composing the name of Mlle. Nevada. At last, abandoning all idea of scientific measurement, he procured a ladder, and, boldly mounting the steps, ascertained by means of a foot-rule that the letters which he had previously been observing from afar were indeed a trifle less tall than by contract they should have been. I can truly say, "with my hand on my conscience," as the French put it, that I had not ordered the letters to be made a shade smaller than they should have been with the slightest intention of wounding the feelings or damaging the interests either of Mme. Adelina Patti or of Signor Nicolini. The printers had not followed my directions so precisely as they ought to have done. In order to conciliate the offended prima donna and her irritated spouse, I caused the printed name of that most charming vocalist, Mlle. Nevada, to be operated upon in this way: a thin slice was taken out of it transversely, so that the middle stroke of the letter E disappeared altogether. When I pointed out my revised version of the name to Signor Nicolini in order to demonstrate to him that he was geometrically wrong, he replied to me with a puzzled look as he pointed to the letters composing the name of Nevada: "Yes; but there is something very strange about that E."

The second volume is somewhat less entertaining than the first, much of it being devoted to the recital of Mr. Mapleson's misfortunes in the United States; but the whole book is eminently readable. To it we must refer those who would like to hear how Mme. Albani, when she first came to London, drove to Covent Garden, instead of to Her Majesty's, and signed with Mr. Gye a contract which she proposed to sign with Mr. Mapleson, and how many other curious events have come to pass.

SHUTE'S ESSAY ON ARISTOTLE.*

IT is with deep regret that we discharge what would have been under other circumstances the agreeable duty of discussing the volume left by the late Mr. Richard Shute of Christ Church and recently published by the Clarendon Press. With great regret and with not a little embarrassment—for, although we are clear that the friends of Mr. Shute have wisely exercised their discretion in putting the book forth, being, as it is, both valuable in itself and highly creditable to the author, it is difficult to criticize without something like self-reproach a sketch which the author himself, we are informed, did not consider sufficiently worked up for publication and would have re-written before it was suffered to see the light. At the time of his death, two years ago, Richard Shute had not completed his thirty-seventh year. He was taken, in his own words, "while his hand was

still warm on the plough" and his furrow not completed. Assuredly these chapters and this memoir will be of advantage to his memory.

We shall do, we think, most justice to the author and service to the reader, and perhaps (for the subject is extremely technical and difficult) shall best observe the limits of our own competence, if we offer, not so much a judgment of the book, as an account of it. It is an essay, written for the Conington Prize Competition in 1882, "on the history of the process by which the Aristotelian writings arrived at their present form." The summary shall be given in the original words:—

I have in this essay attempted to prove, first, that of the great bulk of the Aristotelian works as we now have them, there was no kind of publication during the life of the master, nor probably for a considerable period after his death. Secondly, that as to this portion of the Aristotelian whole, we cannot assert with certainty that we have ever got through-out a treatise in the exact words of Aristotle, though we may be pretty clear that we have a fair representation of his thoughts. . . . Thirdly, I have tried to prove that the works which are preserved to us come chiefly, if not entirely, from the tradition of Andronicus, and stand in no very definite relation to the list of Diogenes, and consequently we have a very considerable proportion, and not merely an insignificant fraction of the reputed works of Aristotle known to Latin antiquity. Fourthly, I have laid down that the majority of titles, and probably all the definite references, are post-Aristotelian, and that, therefore, no safe argument can be drawn from the latter as to the authenticity or original order of the Aristotelian works, though other very valuable inferences as to the subsequent history of these works result from their careful consideration. Fifthly, I have attempted to trace the double texts and repeated passages each to several original sources and not to a single point of origin. Incidentally I have been led to investigate the question of another class of works which bear Aristotle's name, of which we can say with certainty that the portions which we have of them are precisely as the first author wrote them, but cannot with equal certainty assert that that author was Aristotle.

The distribution of the book, which does not exactly follow these divisions, is mainly into two parts, one historical, in three chapters ("From Aristotle to the Time of Cicero and the Latin Renaissance," "Cicero and the Latin Renaissance," "From Cicero to Alexander Aphrodisiensis"), and another of textual criticism in detail, developing the author's special and strongly-marked theory as to the origin of the references in Aristotle, applying to the *Physics* and other works principles previously laid down as to the origin, or rather origins, of repetition, and lastly considering the familiar problems presented by the *Nicomachean Ethics* and by the *Politics*. Of the whole the most characteristic part is the fifth and sixth chapters, dealing with the titles, references, and repetitions. The sixth chapter, we think, will be most approved by those best acquainted with the subject. In investigating the problem presented by the existence of a double text for the seventh book of the *Physics* Mr. Shute was, from his special studies, exceptionally competent. The gist of his argument is to show that the growth of this double text can be dated between the commentators Alexander Aphrodisiensis and Simplicius—that is, between the second and sixth centuries A.D.—and that the manner of its growth throws light in many ways upon the general history of the Aristotelian writings. The details of his proof are certainly interesting, and we believe it to be sound. Satisfactory also, at least in principle, whatever may be the strength of particular applications, is the exposition of the various ways in which reduplication may originate—first, "when there have been from a time not much later than the death of Aristotle two or more workings-up of his subject by different hands"; and, secondly, "when the differences depend chiefly, if not entirely, upon the ingenuity of rival schools of commentators." In both cases "the text is sure to be corrupted in at least two ways—first, by the insertion of passages supplied from one text to the other to fill a real lacuna; secondly, by the writing in the margin of parallel passages from the other text, and the gradual creeping of these marginalia into the body of the text." The author's illustration of these principles will be of great value to editors and students generally, and is touched throughout with a contagious interest and enthusiasm for the subject. Appended to this chapter is a brief and not very closely connected consideration of the *Metaphysics*. That the books so called are "from the beginning, not a treatise, but a collection of parts of treatises," is likely enough, perhaps certain; that they "constituted the whole of the possessions of some individual or school bearing on the Aristotelian higher philosophy, and consisting of a simple roll or bundle of rolls" is a credible assumption; but it remains possible, or seems so to us, that this "roll" really did contain, together with whatever else may have been put in it, all the ascertainable fragments left by Aristotle of suggestions towards future work in this department. Concerning Aristotle's work the one thing which seems fairly certain is, that he left no scientific books at all which even professed to be finished. All were in various stages of preparation. He is perhaps not for that reason the less instructive, or the less truly typical of the scientific mind.

From the author's concluding paragraphs we should infer that he held his problem—the history of the Aristotelian writings—to be not susceptible of any complete solution, and with good reason. The particular conclusions which can be made out—as, for example, those which Shute seems to establish respecting the *Physics*—are precisely such as, by exhibiting the extraordinary complication of influences which has disturbed a text originally confused and dubious, preclude the hope of such an outcome of labour as a pure residuum. The author's practical suggestion is modestly limited to this, "That the present duty of scholarship is to determine as far as possible the course of the

* On the History of the Process by which the Aristotelian Writings arrived at their Present Form. An Essay. By Richard Shute, M.A., late Student and Tutor of Christ Church. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

Aristotelian argument by bracketing superfluous or repeated passages." But perhaps the defect of the Essay, as well as its strength, lies on the side of scepticism. The *Politics*, for example, is doubtless not a finished work, and cannot be trusted as a final exposition of Aristotle's mind on the subjects of which it treats. It appears to be a compound of two, of three perhaps, or of four partial treatises, variously arranged at various times, and not even together making a whole. But if it were suggested—and the Essay might leave this impression—that nothing of Aristotle, and therefore not the *Politics*, is wholly Aristotelian, that we are to see in the book merely an accumulation of Aristotelian matter "all filtered through other minds," this scepticism would encounter objections as great or greater than its own. We should have, for instance, to explain the fact, pointed out by Mr. Newman, that the book contains no anachronism, no allusion which by its mere date proves itself not the writing of Aristotle; a thing incredible if the process of collecting it had been long or widely extended. And with regard to the cross-references in our Aristotle from one work to another, which the author when the Essay was written held to be universally spurious, we might ask why the argument should not be extended, as it is not, to all the references from one part of a work to another part of the same. If the cross-references between various works are confused, so are the separate works; but much of the confusion may have existed from the first in the imperfectly edited remains of a perpetual projector. Again, it might be pointed out that in works called "of Aristotle," but undoubtedly not his, such as the spurious *perì phurôn*, there are references like this, *ἐκείναι μὲν δὲ αἰτίας περὶ τῆς γενέσεως τῶν πηγῶν ἐν τῷ ἡμετέρῳ Βιβλίῳ τῷ περὶ μετεώρων* (B. 2, 822 b. 32), which declare themselves false by their manner. If the references in the works held genuine are spurious inventions, why does not their manner thus betray them? And, generally, the proposition that all our "Aristotle" is liable to "the suspicion (or rather almost certainty) of filtration through other minds," should be limited by this, that the "filtration" must presumably have been a very different process in different cases. However, all this, if the author had lived, would no doubt have been presented more perfectly.

The earlier historical chapters are interesting, though sometimes unfinished in form. In particular, the story of the long repose of "the books of Aristotle and Theophrastus" in the cellar at Scepsis is reduced to its just limits of importance. No one perhaps now supposes that these authors were lost to the Peripatetic school in the third and second centuries before Christ; or that the MSS., which so strangely wandered to the Troas and back to Athens, and thence by the fortune of war to Rome, did anything but assist in the selection and repair of the writings included by the Roman editors of the Ciceronian age in that *Corpus*, which is the basis of the "Aristotle" we have. The gradual descent of the Scepsis legend to its proper place may be traced, with some amusement, in the successive editions of Grant's *Ethics*. The truly critical event in the history of Aristotle, which marks that epoch, is not the discovery of the MSS. of Neleus, but the transplantation of Aristotelianism from Greece to the much more congenial soil of Rome and the West. On all this part of the subject the Essay, so far as it goes, is excellent. In revision the author would probably have seen reason to abate his respect for the evidence of Cicero, who can be so often convicted of speaking without acknowledgment at second-hand, that his testimony upon Greek philosophy is of very dubious value.

As we have seen above, Shute's thoroughgoing caution would not allow him to accept without reserve, as from Aristotle, even writings (such as the books "on the Ideal State" in the *Politics* or the fragments of the lost *Dialogues*) in which the text can be actually proved by internal evidence to be accurately preserved, and nothing is open to suspicion but the name of the alleged author. But in such a case, unless the style betrays a forgery, suspicion has really nothing to ground upon; and the style in these particular instances, as Shute himself points out, makes the strongest case in their favour. But for these rare books and fragments "the golden stream of language" attributed to Aristotle by Cicero would be an unintelligible metaphor. It becomes "a literal truth" when we read, as we surely may with a reasonable confidence that we are reading Aristotle, the beautiful passage quoted by Plutarch from the dialogue called *Eudemus*. It is so little known, it gives so interesting a glimpse of Aristotle as a man of letters, and it strikes us, fresh from the Essay, with so curious a mixture of truth and falsehood, that though the manner is beyond imitation we shall try to present the substance of it. "This truth," writes Plutarch, "was declared, as Aristotle tells us, to Midas by Silenus, whom he had captured. It will be best to cite the very language of the philosopher. In the book *Concerning Soul*, entitled *Eudemus*, we read as follows:—

"This, Sir, you, whose virtue and whose happiness are alike transcendent, may know to be the reason, why we not only hold the dead for blessed and happy, but also are scrupulous not to speak of them falsely or injuriously, as having now passed into a better and a higher state, maxims which have been ever current with us from so remote an antiquity, that no man whosever knows when they first began or who first laid them down; from time immemorial they are found to have been ever in vogue. There is also another saying, which you observe to have been repeated from a far distant date by the lips of successive generations." "And that," said he, "is?" "It is," continued the other, "that the best of all things is never to be born, and better than life is death, as many by divine inspiration have witnessed—for example, Silenus, when, according to the story, he

was chased and at length captured by Midas, who inquired of him curiously what was the better thing for man, and what most worthy of his choice. For a while he refused to answer, and kept a strange silence; but Midas, by his utmost endeavours, at length forced the god to say to him something, and thereupon wrung from him this:—'Creature of a day, creature of mischance and misery, why force ye me to utter what it were for your good that ye should not know, life being easiest for him that knows not his own ills? The best thing for man is not to be born into the world at all, to have with good or better nothing at all to do. Best is it for all, both man and woman, not to be born, and next to this, soonest to be sought of all things else, yet second to this, is, being born, with what speed they may to die.'"

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

An Imperfect Gentleman treats of an old theme—the gentleman who is not a gentleman—with much freshness and humour, and is a bright, clever, and amusing story, apart from its pleasant illustration of the leading motive. No very knotty problem is suggested by the question when is a gentleman not a gentleman. It suggests almost infinite illustration. Greater daring is required to paint a man, as Fielding has done, or a gentleman, as Thackeray, yet praise is due to a writer whose success is complete within the restrictions of a modest aim. Mrs. Henry Jenner's portrait of an imperfect gentleman is an artistic performance, marred by one little slip which is an obvious oversight. He is a rather vulgar and extremely good-natured banker's clerk, Tom Rowley by name, who comes into eight thousand a year and a baronetcy and lives up to his new dignity with a ludicrous mixture of good sense and folly. At the outset his manly independence is mainly supported by the receipt of a private income of fifty pounds a year. "He never said 'sir' to any man; it was against his principles." In spite of this weakness, we find him ready with a "Thank you, sir," when he obtains leave of the banker to hurry to his pretty empty-headed wife with the news of his good luck. If sudden joy, like grief, confounds at first, it did not so affect Sir Thomas Rowley, though his wife thinks he is drunk, and locks herself in her room when he returns to his Hampstead villa in a cart, with a magnificent black silk dress, a bonnet, a gorgeous velvet pelisse for baby, a perambulator, and other proofs of his new purchasing power. On the whole, he behaves very well. The fortunes and trials of the baronet, among his wife's relations and his new-found family connexions at the ancestral seat of the Rowleys, are depicted with excellent comic force. He soon finds that his income goes nowhere in competition with the rich magnates of the neighbourhood; he becomes involved in debts through the lures of a disreputable relative, Colonel Rowley, who by an odd chance is able to dispossess him of his title just as he has completed his ruin. These ups and downs might well try a less imperfect gentleman. In the end, by the death of the Colonel, he again succeeds to the title, but without a penny to support it. Never was poor baronet so hit. He is provided for, however, by the generosity of the Colonel's daughter, Julian Rowley, a charming young lady who inherits the property and is happily married to Lord Leaveland, the remarkable son of a remarkable peer. The story of Lady Leaveland's love affairs is not without pathos, though but slightly connected with the mishaps of the Rowleys. She is actually engaged to a purse-proud banker when Lord Leaveland convinces her that money does not spell happiness, and a "frayed coat"—of which he is the happy wearer—does not imply misery. His father spends most of his time between Ebury Street and Camden Town. In the former locality he is the Earl of Badlesmere; in the latter he is Mr. Barnea, photographic artist. Curiously enough, no one suspects this odd conjunction till it is revealed by a chance visit of his son. He is a good photographer, however, and well read in the Elizabethan dramatists; for he solemnly tells the despondent Sir Thomas, who laments his imperfections, "there never was but one perfect gentleman since the world began."

Tribute to Satan possesses one distinction. It introduces Mr. Edison's phonograph as a witness at an inquest with extraordinary effect. In other respects the story is not remarkable. The beautiful dark adventuress who commits two murders, the benevolent rich young widow who owns coal-mines and starts a kind of People's Palace for her artisans, the fraudulent Stock Exchange "plunger," the detective, the financial agent, and the rest, are all old friends of the novel-reader, and a good deal the worse for wear. There is a Lord Ralston, who talks nonsense about "the higher education of the people forcing up the intelligence of the clergy." His gamekeeper in Scotland writes to him to say "the birds are not quite ready," by which it would seem that the man is as odd as his master. Lord Ralston was also a "skilled boxer." On one occasion, "having seen from his opponent's eye that the blow was coming, he had recourse to the trick well known in boxing of avoiding such a blow, jerking the head aside with the rapidity of lightning." Then there is a Captain Hawley, who wittily remarks of a young lady at a ball that he

* *An Imperfect Gentleman*. By Katherine Lee (Mrs. Henry Jenner). 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Tribute to Satan. By J. Belford Dayne. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Orthodox. By Dorothea Gerard. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Beautiful Jim. By John Strange Winter. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

A Moral Bigamist: a Story of Ourselves in India. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

liked her very much "until she was illustrated by her female parent." As to the fascinating Bruce Landon, or Mrs. Bland, who is ultimately confounded by Mr. Edison's useful invention, it is said of her that, among other enormities, she was in the habit of "getting into debt wherever she went, without paying." When she shot her husband with a silver-mounted pistol, "studded with diamonds and rubies," she little thought of "a recent invention of Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States," by which James Potts, assistant to the electrician in whose house they lodged, recorded every sound of the furious squabble that led to the fatal shot. Everything came out at the inquest with dreadful freshness. The report of the pistol in the court made every one leap in amazement. There was no cross-examination of this witness; and, as there was no getting round it anyhow, Mrs. Bland took poison in her cell, as if her case were too bad for a Home Secretary and a sentimental public.

The Jew, as he is figured in Miss Dorothea Gerard's very picturesque story, differs greatly from the mild-mannered, honourable, and tolerant gentleman he is represented to be in some recent fiction. He is very far from being the Jew that George Eliot drew. *Orthodox* treats of Jewish life in Poland among the orthodox bigots, and a more abhorrent set of rascals could not be conceived than the Jew traders of Miss Gerard's story. Chief among them are the Marmorstein household and their friends. Berisch Marmorstein, dealer in bones and skins in Goratyn, has two daughters. Salome, the elder, is a magnificent creature with "pure red-gold hair," classical features, and a superb figure. Surchen, the younger, is a pretty but revolting little baggage, full of low cunning and preternatural sharpness of wits. When the young and extremely innocent Count Ortenegg joins his regiment at Goratyn, he easily falls in love with Salome, and the pretty but weak-minded Jewess as readily promises to abandon her orthodoxy at his entreaties. At first it is through sheer opposition that Ortenegg, as a brother officer puts it, "espouses the cause of the filthy Hebrew." He would first convert Salome, and then marry her. By the connivance of Surchen, he carries off the lovely girl from her miserable home to a neighbouring convent; but is induced to allow her to return to her people by the solemn oath of the father that she should be "held in trust" till Ortenegg can marry her. Of course the lying old scoundrel marries her at once to a dirty and disreputable dealer in clothes. The disillusion of Ortenegg is complete, and he retires to a monastery. *Orthodox* abounds in dramatic passages, pictorial power, humour, and effective touches of characterization. The career of the unhappy hero is powerfully depicted, and altogether an admirably searching study of eccentric zeal and infatuation.

Life in "Blankhampton" is once more the theme of "John Strange Winter's" lively pen, but the agreeable rattle of gossip, the brisk and moving pictures of social gatherings, the lighter elements of the author's sketches of military life, are rather oddly discomposed by an incident that is meant to be impressive, and is in truth a good deal grotesque. When young "Tommy" Earle kills his superior officer in a fit of passion by heaving a dumbbell at him, it is unfortunate for "Beautiful Jim" that he should be the owner of the dumbbell. But the case is, at the most, one of manslaughter, though "Beautiful Jim," who knows all about it, persists in regarding it as murder. So does his *fiancée*, young Earle's sister, whose treatment of her brother appears the more extraordinary because that young gentleman is represented in the first portion of the story as merely conceited and not vicious. In fact, the so-called "murder" is so improbable in itself as to appear preposterous.

Mrs. Meadows, the mother of the heroine in *A Moral Bigamist*, was "a gentle coaxable mother" with a kind of "intensely clinging hug," which she reserved wholly for her children. When Mr. Meadows proposed to her he was a blushing youth of forty, so that he coloured like a girl when Miss Lillian Smith "asked him who Eros was," and she falteringly explained that she thought he had something to do with the weather. Poor thing! she was thinking perhaps of Eurus. The eldest daughter of this genial couple fell in with a devout youth of Aberdeen, Fergus Graham his name, who loved her and began to propose to her one day while she was fastening her bootlace, by asking "Are you religious?" This precious young humbug when a boy used to try to convert milkmaids by pasting tracts on their pails at area gates; and for this he was paid at the rate of two shillings per hundred by a fond and pious parent. The beautiful Lily does not love him a bit, to her credit be it said; but she marries him nevertheless, and goes to India. Here she becomes a "moral bigamist," and it is no fault of her fool of a husband that she goes no further. She carries on with a violet-eyed "frivoller," one Leven, an officer of rakish repute; and accepts a ring and a maudlin epistle, in which Leven declares the ring is "the most precious relic" he has—it contains his mother's hair—and he gives it to "Lily, my wife before God," signing himself "her loving husband." Her flirtation is all innocence. She is moved to the hideous crime of "moral bigamy" by a fit of *tedium vite*, caused by the neglect of her stupid husband, and exasperated by the idleness that most afflicts pretty women in India. Besides "moral bigamy" the story deals with what may quite as justifiably be called "moral murder." This is brought about by the negligence of the dashing Lena Hardy, who, while her drunken spouse is taken with apoplexy one night, is attending the sick-bed of the gay Leven in an adjoining room. At the inquest the doctor swears that her husband's life might have been saved if his head had been raised to the pillows.

There is, moreover, a spot of candle-grease "in the corner of the body's right eye." It is a bad case, though Lena gets off triumphantly, and marries Leven. He deserts her, and dies gloriously on the Afghan fields. Mrs. Graham's next baby is named Charlie after him, much to the disgust of her husband. And the "moral" of this moral tale is that "husbands should love their wives (as St. Paul tells them)," and "not," as the author adds, "let courtship end with the honeymoon."

HOLLAND.*

IN writing this "story" of Holland Professor Rogers has had, or at least has made for himself, abundant opportunities for expressing his political feelings. He treats almost every side of his subject as an occasion for enforcing the doctrines of modern Radicalism, and is as discursive in his remarks, and sometimes as wildly inaccurate in his statements, as though he were declaiming from a wagon in Hyde Park. The Church in the early middle ages in England and elsewhere was, he declares, the agent of kings who pillaged and harried their peoples—an announcement which proves his utter ignorance of mediæval history. He finds the perfidy of princes a delightful topic, and when speaking of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, wanders off to abuse James I. of England, and to cackle over the beheading of Charles I. Then he tells us that John and Henry III. were absolved from their oaths by Popes, and that Edward I. "broke with the custom," which happens to be a most unlucky guess, as surely every one except Professor Rogers must know that Edward applied for and received a papal absolution from the pledges he had given to his subjects. The distress of the Lady Mary of Burgundy when her friends and counsellors were put to death at Ghent has, he says, "claimed the sympathy of the sentimental," which in his opinion proves that "hereditary rank breeds hereditary lackeys." Although he may not think that the anguish of a young and friendless woman is any subject for pity, he should not abuse those who think differently; for he has not yet been generally received as an authority on matters of taste and feeling, and he should remember that, if some people bow down to the possessors of hereditary rank, there are others, and among them men of talent and learning, who have delighted to make themselves the lackeys of the mob, and who have received kicks instead of halfpence as the reward of their service. He looks on the history of Holland as a triumphant protest against the hereditary principle, and wastes much space and indignation in declaiming about the "divine right of kings." It would, at the least, be as correct to regard it as a proof that the lower classes find in an hereditary constitutional monarchy the best safeguard of their liberties as against an aristocracy of wealth. Very grievous is it to him to have to record that the hereditary principle triumphed in Holland, which was, he says, "handed over to hereditary monarchy and the vulgarities it implies." Although much might be said on this matter, it is enough to remark here that all things are vulgar to a vulgar mind. The larger part of his book seems to be made up out of the volumes of Mr. J. L. Motley, to whom he refers in his preface as one of his principal "authorities"; he appears to have little special knowledge of his subject, and to have done scarcely any independent work upon it. Here and there we get some interesting and suggestive notices of economic affairs, such as the political importance of the Bank of Amsterdam, and the large profits made on the negotiation of English bills during the wars with Louis XIV. The trade of Holland generally receives fair attention, though we expected more precise information on this subject than Professor Rogers gives us. No attempt is made to describe the daily life of the people at any period, and we have not found any observations on the conduct of the Dutch towards their colonies. Constitutional matters are treated with provoking vagueness; no account is given of the mode in which the town-councils were elected, or of the office and functions of the Pensionary, of the character of the bond of confederation between the United Provinces, of the powers of the States-General, or of the position of the Stadtholder with respect to the various States and to the General Assembly. It is a pity that Professor Rogers has not tried to explain these and other such points; for it is impossible to have even a tolerable knowledge of Dutch history without understanding them, and a clear and workmanlike chapter upon them would have been of infinitely greater interest than silly and ill-tempered blather about kings and nobles, or such remarks as that the "deference paid to the doctrine and discipline" of Popes was "more degrading than the worship of the bull Apis in Egypt, or of the Lama in Thibet."

In spite of having, through a large part of his work, a guide so generally trustworthy as Mr. Motley, Professor Rogers makes several strange blunders. At the very outset of his book he gets himself into trouble over the Holy Roman Empire, by giving the Imperial title to Henry the Fowler; and, a few pages further on, writes as if he believed that the municipal life of London was derived from Roman institutions, and that for a considerable period the mayors of English boroughs were nominated by a

* *The Story of the Nations—Holland.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and of Economic Science and Statistics, King's College, London, &c. London: Fisher Unwin. 1888.

lord. To come more nearly to his proper subject, we are told that "the origin of the House of Burgundy, so powerful during the fifteenth century, and so tragically concluded, was a grant of that duchy, the principal town of which was Dijon, made by Louis the Ninth (1226-1270), called the Saint, to one of his younger children." This is simply marvellous. The second ducal House of Burgundy was, of course, founded by Philip the Hardy, who received the duchy in accordance with a grant made by his father John when he was returning to England. The first House began with Robert, son of Robert the King, and ended with Philip de Rouvre. One of these earlier dukes, called Robert II., certainly married a daughter of St. Louis, and this marriage, which must have taken place more than fifty years before the extinction of the old line of dukes, has been muddled up here with the foundation of the second House. An equally ludicrous confusion is made between the two princely Houses of Orange. The ancestors of William the Silent came, we are told, originally from Orange, and were vassals of the Pope; they migrated to the Netherlands, apparently from Orange, and there became great men under the Burgundian dukes. In reality William was a member of the House of Nassau-Dillenburg; some of his ancestors were Dukes of Gueldres, and his family was settled in the Netherlands centuries before it had anything to do with the principality of Orange. The older princes belonged to the House of Orange-Chalons, and their principality, once a part of the Burgundian kingdom, was a fief of the marquise or county of Provence down to the time of René, who sold his rights to Louis XI. The account of the War of Independence is written with some life, and will be useful to those who have not the time or inclination to read larger books on the subject. When we get to the story of John de Witt we are at once met by a curious proof of the author's carelessness or ignorance, for he introduces De Witt as the author of a work on the "Interest of Holland." It is quite certain that this book, published at Amsterdam in 1662, with the title "Interest van Holland ofte Gronden van Hollands-Welvaren, aangewezen door V. D. H.," was not written by De Witt, but by Peter Cornelius van den Hoven, or De la Court, the "V. D. H." of the title-page. De Witt revised the author's manuscript, and, as is hinted in the preface to the second edition, added the two chapters numbered 29 and 30 in the first edition, and entitled "Waarom de vryheid in Holland," &c., "Why liberty in Holland has not brought forth more good fruit since the death of the Prince of Orange," and "Wat goede vruchten," &c., "What good fruits have been brought forth by the beginnings of free government." An English translation appeared in 1702 with the title "The True Interests and Political Maxims of the Republick of Holland and West-Friesland, by John de Witt and other Great Men in Holland," and a French translation in 1709 with the misleading title "Mémoires de J. de Wit," but with the preface, also appended to the English book, showing that the description was false. Now if Professor Rogers had read the book, to which he gives due praise, in the original edition, the title-page would surely have led him to inquire further into the authorship, and if in a later edition, either in Dutch, English, or French, he would have gathered from the preface that it was not the work of De Witt. He may, of course, not be in the habit of reading prefaces. But even so, it is extraordinary that any one who was studying the history of Holland should suppose that De Witt wrote the chapters on the interest of that country with respect to foreign alliances. The account of De Witt's administration contains no mention of the war with Sweden, which gave the States the mastery of the Baltic, prevented the Swedes from obtaining a preponderating influence in the North, and restored the Dutch to the position which they had lost during their late war with England. All the famous sea-fights with England are passed by with the barest notices. Of course, in a book of this size everything cannot be told; but these are, perhaps, almost the last events that should be slurred over in a history of Holland. Any way, we should not have been told that the battle of Southwold Bay took place two years before the four days' fight of 1666. The period of the wars with Louis XIV. is disposed of with so little reference to Holland, that no hint is given that the Dutch took any special part in the battle of Ramillies, and the very name of Auverquerque is left out. While Professor Rogers can find room—possibly for some reason of his own—for the story of the help that Churchill received from Lady Castlemaine and for other like matters which have nothing to do with his subject, he scarcely devotes a line to Heinsius and not a word to Slingelandt. He is very severe on the treatment that Holland has received from England at different times, and especially in 1779 and 1780. "As an Englishman," he says, "I am heartily ashamed of telling the story" of those years. There is much to be said on both sides, and if he knew his story better—if he knew something of the provocations that England had received—he would have less reason for his shame.

CLAUDE JOSEPH DORAT.*

"WHO now reads *Dorat*? if he pleases yet, He pleases most by Head-piece and Vignette"—one might say, parodying Pope's couplet on Cowley. So lavishly, indeed, has free-handed

Oblivion scattered her poppy over the twenty volumes of the light-hearted ex-musketeer, that the very names of his more ambitious pieces are barely remembered. Spoken of traditionally with all the sugared phrases of eighteenth-century connoisseurship—caressingly described as *ambree, musquée, enrubannée*—his Muse is scarcely known by sight. Where is his "*poème en quatre chants*"—*La Déclamation Théâtrale*—once ranked by indulgent critics with the famous epistle of Horace to the Pisos, but slumbering now under a deeper dust than Bramston's *Art of Politicks*, or the *Art of Cookery* of Dr. William King? Yet Dorat's alexandrines, both for their references to contemporary dramatic art and for the unanswerable good sense of many of their precepts, deserve at least as much consideration as Churchill's *Rosciad* or Lloyd's *Actor*. This is his counsel to the Thalia of his time, and who shall affirm that it is not equally applicable to the Thalia of all time?—

Remettez sous nos yeux le tableau de nos mœurs;
Badinez avec nous pour nous rendre meilleurs.
Qui retient vos crayons? Quels seraient vos scrupules?
Molière est sous la tombe, et non les ridicules.
Oui, chaque âge a les siens, vrais, caractérisés:
Ceux-là sont apparens, ceux-ci mal déguisés.
Il faut leur arracher cette enveloppe obscure;
Il faut à chaque siècle assigner sa figure.
Avec des traits divers, le nôtre a ses Orgons;
Il a ses imposteurs, il a ses Harpagons.

His *Épîtres* are marred by that fatal fluency which enabled him to spin them from the flimsiest material; but even these are often delightfully graphic, as well as easy. Take, for instance, the following passage from the epistle *Sur la Galanterie moderne* addressed to another musketeer-poet, the Marquis de Pezay:—

Que j'aime ce fou suranné,
Ce preux paladin de la Manche,
Au long visage décharné
Mais à l'âme sensible et franche,
Qu'au pied d'un rocher calciné
On voit mille fois sur la brune
Se faisant au clair de la lune
Pour l'amour et pour Dulciné—

verses which, if found at large, one might almost sign with a greater name than Dorat's. Of Dorat's plays a solitary specimen, *La Feinte par Amour*, is said to be *au répertoire*; but the rest? One of them with which we have a casual acquaintance is entitled *Le Chevalier Français à Londres*. The Chevalier, of course, is a very conquering lady-killer, and the piece is a sufficiently harmless network of conventional intrigue. But to an Englishman its unconscious humour lies in the perverse originality which induced the author to lay the scene at London in "the mansion of d'Ormond, Viceroy of Ireland." The heroine (played by the charming Blanche Doligny who first created Rosina in *Le Barbier de Séville*) rejoices in the Scandinavian name of "Adelson," and the other characters are "Lord Arlington," "Lord Rochester," and a mythical "Ladi Halifax," masquerading for the nonce as "Ladi Stéele," which latter name rhymes to "rebelle" and "infidèle." Furthermore, the ingenuous M. Dorat seems to regard "Miss" as the invariable equivalent of "Mademoiselle." Thus:—

Aime-t-il toujours Miss, ou veut-il la trahir?

while he evidently looks on "Ladi" as a species of Christian name:—

J'aurais cru que Ladi, belle, à la fleur de l'âge,
Citée avec éclat, vous plairait davantage.

Yet this comedy, notwithstanding its absurdities, was acted in November, 1778, by the best artists of the famous Comédie Française, every part being filled by a celebrity. Préville, the incomparable, was "Lord Arlington"; Molé, prince of *petits-maitres*, the Chevalier; Monvel played "Lord Rochester"; and Dazincourt, unrivalled for valets, the Chevalier's servant. Mlle. Doligny has already been mentioned; the other feminine part, "Ladi Stéele," was taken by another popular actress, Mlle. Fannier, who, it is reported, shared the heart of the volatile poet in his last days with the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais.

But if Dorat's poetry is forgotten as literature, two or three of his works, thanks to the famous book-illustrators of the eighteenth century, still retain an adventitious value. That eclectic class of collectors, the *amateurs de livres à vignettes du XVIII^e siècle*, for whom M. Henry Cohen compiled his inestimable *Guide*, attach considerable importance to *Les Baisers* of Dorat, when embellished by the designs of Marillier and Eisen, as interpreted by the burins of De Longueil, Baquoy, Aliamet, Delaunay, and the rest of those skilful craftsmen whose happy art turned copper into gold. That Dorat was wise in securing such aids to immortality his generation seems to have recognized. "Ce poète"—said the witty Abbé Galiani—"se sauve du naufrage de planche en planche." The *mot* is untranslatable; but it is paralleled by the equally clever couplet applied to another volume more famed for its decorations than its verse:—

Of Rogers's *Italy* Luttrell relates,
It would surely be dished if 'twere not for the plates.

A special copy of *Les Baisers* has fetched as much as 100*l.*, and M. Cohen's estimated value varies from 40*l.* to 50*l.*, although it seems, from *Book-Prices Current*, that a copy was sold by auction last year for the trifling sum of 2*l.* 15*s.* Much, however, would depend upon the condition of the plates. Meanwhile, to those who are not over-particular upon this head, and have no "sentimental" prejudice against modern reproductions (a pre-

* *The Kisses (Les Baisers)*; preceded by the *Month of May*. By Claude Joseph Dorat. Translated by H. G. Keene. London: Vizetelly & Co.

judice which we must frankly admit), Messrs. Vizetelly offer impressions of the original "coppers," with an English text, for the modest outlay of one guinea. They are skilfully printed, and, if somewhat worn, should, as regards composition and design, be as useful to the student as the earlier issues. On other grounds they cannot, of course, compete with the earlier issues. Mr. Keene's version of Dorat's text is fluent. But the value of the text is so secondary that translation was needless, especially as it is scarcely possible to translate the nuances of French erotic verse into English without somewhere suggesting the nice distinction drawn by Victor Hugo between "*le nu*" and "*le déshabillé*."

QUESTIONS ON ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.*

AS the author of this book tells us that his pupils—probably candidates for Holy Orders—"using [it] with the *Students' English Church History* have found it serviceable," it comes before us with a strong recommendation, and forasmuch as it is evidently the work of a sound Churchman, it deserves and receives our good wishes. At the same time, we are bound to say that the questions it contains are such as any intelligent teacher could frame without the slightest trouble, and that the book has been compiled without any apparent system. A good many questions have what are described as "Answer-hints," which in most cases do not seem to differ from answers, appended to them; others are left to the learner's unaided efforts. It is not easy to see why a student who can find an answer to "Q. 1099. Give a short account of Hoadley," needs an "Answer-hint" to "Q. 1100. Give an account of John Toland, the Deist, and his works," especially as the hint merely consists of a statement of two or three facts. Some of the questions are—to use an Oxford phrase—Pass questions; others, such as might be set in an Honours paper, and a few, as, for example, Q. 637, are awkwardly expressed. Here and there some emendation is needed in matter. Q. 418 should not have been inserted; Sanders is no authority, and the foul scandal concerning Anne Boleyn's birth, about which the student is asked and enlightened, is certainly untrue; the true and important story about Henry VIII. and Mary Boleyn is left unnoticed. There is a muddle in the answer supplied to Q. 904; the emigrants from Delft in 1620—such of them as persevered—were included in the passengers who finally sailed in the *Mayflower*, and Robinson was prevented from joining the colonists. We are amazed at the guarded answer which tells us that Robert Grosseteste was, "on the whole, a man of high character." What on earth can the author have to say against the character of the "great clerk"? His Answer-hint seems to show that he is ignorant of the exact position which the Bishop took up, both as regards the institution of aliens to English benefices and the attempt to bring the common law into conformity with the canon law. The answer to Q. 227 is misleading, if not actually erroneous; that to Q. 227* ridiculously insufficient; and the charter granted by John to the Church in 1214 should not have been forgotten under Q. 231. Still, in spite of some drawbacks, the questions, as a whole, afford a satisfactory means of testing a student's knowledge of English Church history, and the answers contain much useful information and many suggestive remarks.

THE HAPPY PRINCE, AND OTHER TALES.†

ONE of the chief functions of the true fairy story is to excite sympathy. Whether they are princes, peasants, or inanimate objects (Was the immortal tin soldier an inanimate object?), the joys and sorrows of the heroes and heroines of fairyland will always be real to those persons, whatever their age may be, who love the fairy story, and regard it as the most delightful form of romance. Mr. Oscar Wilde, no doubt for excellent reasons, has chosen to present his fables in the form of fairy tales to a public which, though it should count among its numbers most persons who can appreciate delicate humour and an artistic literary manner, will assuredly not be composed of children. No child will sympathize at all with Mr. Wilde's *Happy Prince* when he is melted down by order of the Mayor and Corporation in obedience to the dictum of the art professor at the University that, since "he is no longer beautiful, he is no longer useful." Children do not care for satire, and the dominant spirit of these stories is satire—a bitter satire differing widely from that of Hans Andersen, whom Mr. Wilde's literary manner so constantly recalls to us. This quality of bitterness, however, does not repel the reader (except in the story of the "Devoted Friend," which is at once the cleverest and least agreeable in the volume), inasmuch as Mr. Wilde always contrives to leave us at the end of every tale with a very pleasant sensation of the humorous. Perhaps the best example of Mr. Wilde's method is to be found in "The Nightingale and the Rose." Here the nightingale has sacrificed its life in order to obtain a red rose for the student. The student repairs with

the nightingale's gift to the daughter of the Professor, in order to present the rose to her:—

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

Then the student, having thrown away the rose, returns to a great dusty book, reflecting:—

"What a silly thing Love is. It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen. . . . In fact, it is quite impractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

It may be remarked in connexion with this story that, in order to get the desired effect at the conclusion, Mr. Wilde has gone dangerously near the region of sham sentiment. It is the only place in the book where his artistic sense has stumbled a little along with his natural history. The volume is well got up, without any of those disfiguring eccentricities, either of type or binding, which are too commonly used in publications of this kind; possibly a prettier page might have been produced if a slightly smaller type and blacker ink had been employed. The illustrations are by Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Jacob Hood; the latter has been the more successful of the two.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.*

IF ever there was a man of whom it might be said with truth that he needed no biography for his works speak for him, Captain Maury was that man. Other naval officers have done far more in fighting or exploration. Other men of science have shown greater imagination and originality. But there can never have been any man whose scientific work bore more immediate practical fruit. It is not too much to say that every over-sea voyage and most coasting voyages made all over the world are to-day shorter and safer than they would have been without Maury's work. The *Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology*, gave scientific completeness to the old empirical practical seamanship. Much had been done before him, for, after all, no explorer, discoverer, or man of science is entirely without precursors. There was a great advance in navigation even between Anson's time and the beginning of the century. Cook had known the value of accurate instruments; and even as far back as the sixteenth century men knew what was meant by great circle sailing. Still the progress had been slow. As a rule, men were content with just as much knowledge as would do. Voyages were longer than they need have been, and the indifference of seamen to exact navigation is shown by the fact that, in the time of the great war, there were, it is said, only sixteen chronometers in possession of the Admiralty. In the merchant service, except in the East India Company's ships, there was little or no scientific navigation, though of practical seamanship there was no lack. Of the men who put a stop to this rule-of-thumb navigation and blind following of old routes, the most distinguished was Maury. To have improved the course of every ship upon the sea was a great thing, and the man who did it is not in danger of being forgotten.

Mrs. Corbin's Life of her father is also hardly the biography which should have been written of Maury. It is sufficiently pleasant reading, and in every way excellent in tone. It tells all there is to tell of his active life; but it is weakest precisely where it had need to be strong. We cannot blame a lady for not dwelling on the scientific work; but, after all, that is what we should like to hear about. Mrs. Corbin does, indeed, mention her father's books, and gives their names and dates of publication, and describes their reception by the world. But we miss those definitions of the work; those explanations of mental processes which, after all, make up the life of the man of science. On the active side Maury's life was not full or remarkable. As a midshipman in the American navy he was already studious and thoughtful. He passed for lieutenant twenty-seventh in a list of forty, and Mrs. Corbin is doubtless right in accounting for his modest position by saying that the examination was mainly in practical seamanship, for which Maury seems to have had no particular taste, though he never failed in his duty. His natural bent towards study was confirmed by accident. His leg was broken by a fall from a stage-coach, and then he had the evil fortune to fall into the hands of an incompetent surgeon, who set the leg so badly that it had to be broken again, and re-set—a horrible operation in the days when anaesthetics as yet were not. General Sir Charles Napier had a similar experience, but he at least recovered the use of the limb. Maury was completely lamed for a time, and seems to have limped all his life. This misfortune would have stopped his active service, but the U. S. Navy Department, with creditable intelligence, employed him in the Observatory, and in hydrographical work. Once only his labours were interrupted. A Retirement Committee was appointed in 1855 to clear the block in the list of lieutenants, and this body was so ill advised as to propose to shelve the most distinguished officer in the U.S.

* *A Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury, U.S.N., and C.S.N.* Compiled by his Daughter, D. F. M. Corbin. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

* *Twelve Hundred Questions on the History of the Church of England; with some Answer-hints, and with Tabular Annals, &c.* By a Lecturer. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

† *The Happy Prince, and other Tales.* By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacob Hood. London: David Nutt. 1888.

* *Greek Downey. Ballads. Walter Scott.*

Navy. This stupid piece of red tape excited a very proper degree of indignation. Maury was restored and promoted to the rank of commander. Until the outbreak of the Civil War he continued at his Observatory work collating logs, arranging reports, writing his books, with now and then an interruption for lectures to farmers and seamen on meteorology, or a visit to England to look after copyrights. He was early and warmly recognized in Europe by learned Societies and Admiralties. The Grand Duke Constantine wrote him a letter of warm admiration, and later on offered him employment in Russia.

The Civil War broke up Maury's life completely. As a Virginian he followed the fortune of his State. His attitude towards the Secession was essentially that of Lee, and indeed of most Virginians. He thought it a misfortune, and could see no solid reason for the action of the Cotton States. But as a Southerner he held that the Constitution was a league between sovereign States, from which any of the parties was entitled by virtue of its unalienable rights to retire whenever it thought fit for any reason or no reason at all. When Mr. Lincoln called on Virginia to assist in coercing the other Southern States, he resigned his commission with grief and reluctance, but without the slightest doubt that he was fulfilling his duty. His active share in the war was small. During the earlier period he was engaged in fortifying portions of the coast, or in efforts to organize a torpedo flotilla. But the maritime resources of the Confederacy were insignificant, and Captain Maury was hardly qualified by nature for such work as Captain Semmes's. He was despatched at an early period to Europe on diplomatic or semi-diplomatic duties. For some years he remained in exile. On the fall of the Confederacy he was for a time in doubt whether he would not renounce his native country and become naturalized in Europe. For one brief period he was in the service of Maximilian as Minister of Immigration. But these schemes fell through. Mrs. Corbin publishes a singularly wise and manly letter written to him by his friend Commodore Jansen, of the Dutch Navy, pointing out that his first duty was still to his State. After a time Maury saw that it was so. When the first bitterness of the war was over he returned and devoted himself to lecturing till his death in 1873. Mrs. Corbin's quotations from his letters and her reminiscences present a pleasant picture of her father. They convey the impression that he was a singularly lovable, modest man, and a Virginian of the good old stamp.

BALLADS.*

MR. GLENNIE, like Autolycus, appears to be "in wrath with many men." The preface to the second edition of his *Greek Folk Songs* (translated by Miss Lucy Garnett) contains the expression of his chagrin, and is also enriched with an essay on "The Science of Folklore." The persons whom he calls "litterateur critics" and accuses of "log-rolling," "falsehoods," and "literary corruption" come under his wrath, and it is a sad day for them, as for the insect foes of Peter Bell the First. It seems that critics objected to Mr. Glennie's essay on "The Survival of Paganism" as an introduction to a volume of popular and traditional poems. To be sure, this essay is highly praised in the extracts from reviews quoted by Mr. Glennie's publisher. Yet Mr. Glennie is not satisfied. If the "litterateur critics" thought an essay on the topic of surviving Paganism superfluous or ill-placed, we venture to differ with them; if they thought the idea of the survival of Paganism in folklore not particularly fresh nor particularly well stated by Mr. Glennie, we venture to agree with them. Perhaps they may reckon that *odium theologum* is misplaced in the introduction to a Ballad Book, and they may have thought that they detected some such matter in Mr. Glennie's performance. The *Saturday Review*, in particular, declared, it seems, that Mr. Glennie is "advanced" after the manner of *épiciers*. Mr. Glennie regards this remark as a "pitiful personality." But what is the form of "advanced" natural to *épiciers*, except a habit of brandishing emancipated opinions where they are out of place? And are they not out of place and aggressive in the introduction to a volume of songs? We may think as we choose and write as we choose about the modern or ancient forms and practices of Christianity. But it appeared to us, and it still appears to us, that talk about "the contemptible fallacies and degrading hypocrisies of the vain attempt to reconcile the Semitic notion of an Interfering Personal God with the Aryan conception of a Living and Ordered Kosmos" in a book of ballads, was not only inopportune, but essentially and radically unscientific. "Aryan" is a term designating the peoples who speak a certain set of kindred languages; there is no such thing as an "Aryan race," or an "Aryan Conception." You might as well talk of a "Green Reform Bill," or an "aesthetic town pump." Discussions of the "Archaian (*sic*) White Race, to which the Ruling Classes of the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Hittite, and all the other First Civilizations belonged," are perhaps outside the province of science, and are certainly out of place in a volume of Greek popular songs. These can be criticized without going back to Origins concerning which History is silent, and

only Conjecture babbles. The truth is that Mr. Glennie is opposed to the theory which regards all mythologies as evolved out of the mental condition of the lower savagery. He needs a White Race, somewhere in the background, which cannot be shown to have passed through "the mental stage which, so far as we know, has always been characteristic of the Coloured and Black Races." But the mythologies and manners of white races are manifestly full of relics derived from the mental stage which still characterizes many coloured races. It may be inferred that the whites borrowed freely from the blacks, or it may be inferred that they lived through a condition like that of the blacks, or both ideas may have their truth, as we suppose. We shall not quarrel with Mr. Glennie about the matter, but we do object to meeting Archaian White Original Hittites in the preface to a song-book. We are concerned with the songs, and with what they tell us about the people who sing them; we are only distracted, when occupied in such studies, by having to glance, now at what seems a wholly untenable theory of the "Economic System of Primitive Socialism," now of "Archaian" whites, now of "the relations of Triune Hypostases, or Persons, to Nature, or the Universe."

All of these are agreeable topics, especially Primitive Socialism; but is it not obvious to every one but Mr. Glennie that we shall never get to the ballads at this rate? And is an introduction rich in such matter to be called "scientific" by any one but Mr. Glennie?

Mr. Glennie appears to think that some readers may be "startled" by the statement that "among the masses of the Greek people Christian church beliefs have not only not substituted themselves for, but have hardly even traceably influenced Pagan Folk-beliefs," and that the popular songs of other nations prove a similar state of things. Well, Mr. Glennie's statement is only incorrect in being overstated. Mr. Tozer, and a dozen other writers, have shown that, in Greek popular songs, the theory of the state of the dead is mainly Pagan. Nay, we may say that it is even earlier than the ideas of Pindar, and that it belongs to a condition of opinion common to races which have not developed an elaborate official polytheism. But, as Mr. Glennie himself publishes a selection of popular Greek Christian songs about the Trinity, the birth of Christ, the Atonement, the Passion, the baptism, the resurrection, hell, and paradise, we do not understand how he can maintain that Christian beliefs have "hardly even traceably influenced Pagan Folk-beliefs." Are the Christian songs not popular? Are the Pagan songs not traditional? Does a people believe in all the ideas which it retains in song and story? Do German peasants believe in the universal "personalism" of Nature, as represented in *Märchen*? Do Scotch peasants go to kirk on Christmas Day as in the tale of *Rashin Coatie*? Does a modern Greek farmer expect to meet Charos on the hills, and, after death, to join his company? Are the beliefs of the people the beliefs expressed in the traditional ballads? The answer, of course, is sometimes Yes, sometimes No. Both Pagan and Christian and "advanced" ideas all co-exist, in various and varying proportions. A good example of what every student knows may be found in "A Lyke Wake Dirge," in Mr. Graham Tomson's *Ballads of the North Country* (p. 95). Here we have the path of souls, the "Brig o' Dread." That is pure Pagan survival. And here, too, we have the Christian refrain *And Christe receive thy Soule*. This is the way in which "pre-Olympian" beliefs may blend with Christian beliefs, neither superseding the other in traditional ballad. But what the private mind of the reciter of the ballad may be is exactly what the ballad cannot tell us. Mr. Glennie appears to want to show that Christian ideas hardly touched the persons who composed the songs of Charos and of the world of ghosts. It may be so, but Mr. Glennie ought to prove that the singers of the songs do not take whatever ecclesiastical precautions for the soul's safety the Greek Church may recommend. Practice and custom, no less than songs, are evidence as to the beliefs of a people. It seems improbable that the Greek peasant in everyday life is as "animistic" as his ballads, that he really regards all nature as living and personal. Certainly we do not expect to find this animism among other peoples, French or German, who retain *Märchen* as "animistic" as the Greek ballads. And in the same way we doubt whether many Greek peasants expect to go to Charos when they die. That *may* be their opinion, but Mr. Glennie should prove it by something else than the survival of songs. For our own part, we presume that the ideas of the Greek peasant about death are, in practice, much like those of other people—namely, a combination of visions from various creeds and conditions of belief. The wicked dead are punished, Mr. Glennie says, by becoming vampires. Very well; but why does he not add that vampires are put to flight by the Christian cross? Or, if the song does not mean that, what does it mean? The vampire (p. 132) touches his living wife's breast:—

Turns he to marble, and cold as a snake,
Shivers the Vampire, with fear doth he shake;
Howls like a Wolf, like a leaf trembles he,
Touched have his fingers the All-Holy Tree.
Her Guardian hath saved her;

and so forth.

This marble vampire, which shivers, howls, and trembles, was apparently vanquished by the Cross; but Mr. Glennie adds no note on the subject. If the text has another meaning, he might as well have elucidated it. If our interpretation is correct, why does he blink it? In the same way, it is God who hears the weeping mother (p. 127) in the poem which corresponds to Burger's

* *Greek Folk Songs*. By John Stuart Glennie. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

Ballads of the North Country. By Graham R. Tomson. London: Walter Scott. 1888.

Lenore. What opinions the Greek peasantry may hold on these matters is to us a question of purely scientific interest. As far as the evidence of the songs goes (and it is not the only evidence which should be adduced), the composers of the songs were in a mixed state of mind, retaining Pagan ideas a good deal subordinated to Christianity. The old God of the Dead is God's servant; the horrible vampire dreads the Christian symbol. Mr. Glennie does not remark on this; it would not suit his theory. But we do not know how far the reciters of the ballads retain these opinions. Perhaps Mr. Tozer goes too far when he says, broadly, that about death and the dead modern Greek ideas are entirely Pagan. On the very evidence of the songs quoted by Mr. Glennie there is more than Paganism in them. When Mr. Glennie says that Christian beliefs "have hardly even traceably influenced Pagan Folk-beliefs," he emphatically overstates his case, if he will accept his own songs as evidence. Mr. Glennie may believe that the survival of Paganism in folklore all over the world is no new discovery; the person who cannot see it is blind. Where some of his critics differ from him is not as to the fact, but as to his way of stating the fact, and as to the propriety of his peculiarly rambling method. It is needless to drag Archaic White Races, and all the rest of his Hittites, Pelasgians, and other vague people, into matter already complex enough.

We have left little space for Mr. Graham Tomson's *Ballads of the North Country*. It is an enlarged edition of the *Border Ballads* by the same editor. The amateur of Paganism may find it in the Fairyland (Hades) of "Thomas the Rhymer," in the "Tamlane" form of the Thetis or Proteus myth, in the strange Paradise of "The Wife o' Usher's Well," in the "Lyke Wake Dirge," and elsewhere; nor are there wanting examples of popular laxity in love affairs, as in the Greek ballads also. A more pleasing task would be the comparison of the modern Greek and the old Scotch Lullabies and Nursery Ballads. Those of Scotland cannot compare with this pretty piece of Miss Garnett's work:—

O rock the sweet carnation red,
And rock the silver shining,
And rock my boy all softly too,
With skein of silk entwining.
Come, O Sleep, from Chio's isle;
Take my little one awhile.
Náni, though no nightingale
Sweeter is in any vale;
White as curd, or winter snows,
Delicate as any rose.

In "Katharine Janfarie," by the way, the editor might have noted that this version still prevails in legend. At Lochinvar they say, as in "Katharine Janfarie," that Lochinvar was the laggard in love who lost the lady.

MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST.*

THE title which this work bears in the French original expresses its real character. The Memoirs are less those of M. de Falloux as M. de Falloux than of M. de Falloux as a Royalist. That character gives unity to the volumes. M. de Falloux, who was born in 1811, was therefore under age when the Revolution of July broke out; but under Louis Philippe, the Republic of '48, the Empire, and the Republic of 1870, the object of his life was the same—it was the restoration of the elder Monarchy. M. de Falloux was not more Royalist than the King. Throughout his career he was bent on bringing the Comte de Chambord into relations with living France, and into an understanding and acceptance of those Liberal and constitutional ideas without which no form of government, in his view, could maintain itself. If he was not more Royalist than the King, just as little was he a Royalist first and a Frenchman afterwards. While never abandoning his ulterior projects, he accepted both the Monarchy of July and the Republic of '48, and honestly did his best in the interests of order and good government under both. While not giving up his ideal of France as it ought to be, he always endeavoured to make the best of France as it was. In 1846 he sat in the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1848 he was a member of the National Assembly. He acted as the reporter to the Commission on National Workshops, and, while condemning these sinister and mischievous institutions, he drew up a scheme of legislation for the benefit of the working classes, many of the details of which were afterwards adopted under the Empire. On the election of Prince Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic M. de Falloux accepted the office of Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship in the Coalition Cabinet, as it might be called, of M. Odilon Barrot. He took this place with much reluctance, but with the full approval of M. Berryer, M. de Montalembert, the Abbé (after Bishop) Dupanloup, and other members of the Royalist and Catholic party, and as their representative in the Cabinet. He was the author of the Education Bill which regulated public instruction in France until its repeal under the Third Republic; a measure which established conditions not altogether dissimilar from those arrived at in the education compromise of Mr. Forster, and which had for its aim to give freedom to local influences and to religious teaching in qualification of the purely secular authority of the University. He strongly supported the ex-

pedition to Rome, and having passed his education measure, and obtained guarantees, as he believed, for the restoration of Pius IX.—the two objects dearest to him in public life—he felt himself at liberty to withdraw from office, in which his health had been weakened, and was indeed permanently impaired. In the *coup d'état* he was among the deputies who were arrested by Louis Napoleon, and was for some days imprisoned in Fort Valérien. On his release he retired to his patrimonial estate in Anjou, devoting himself to charitable works, to agriculture, and to literature. In 1857 he was elected into the French Academy, his chief literary titles being his History of Louis XVI. and his Life of Pope Pius V. On the fall of the Empire he was one of the most ardent champions of the Fusion, and not only bitterly deplored, but courageously combated, the obstinate adhesion of the Comte de Chambord to conditions fatal to his restoration. But even if these difficulties could have been overcome, it is quite clear that they would have emerged once more when the Comte de Chambord had become Henri Cinq. They were in the character of the man, and the fate of Charles X. would have been that also of his grandson.

M. de Falloux's recollections throw much interesting light upon characters of men whose names now belong to history. One usually associates M. Guizot with the ideas of haughty domination and contempt for the smaller arts of Parliamentary management, but the Minister who subdued Parliamentary storms with the scornful arrogance of Chatham, understood also the arts of personal courtiership. One thinks of him as crying from the Tribune, "Your insults can never reach the height of my disdain." The picture which M. de Falloux gives of him leaving the Ministerial bench and flitting about the House, sitting and whispering among the Deputies on the other benches, exhibits him in a somewhat new light. Of M. Thiers, too, with whom M. de Falloux was at one time in very close relations, some interesting anecdotes are told in illustration of an absolute self-confidence as great as that which Sydney Smith attributed to Lord Russell. He said of a needy man who believed that he had a genius in the matter of china, "He has got it into his head that I ought to make him superintendent of the Sèvres manufactory. He is no more suited for that post than I for —," and M. Thiers stopped short. "Ah! ah! M. Thiers," I said, "you would be embarrassed to say what you could not do." "That is true! that is true!" he said gaily, and he drew me into his study, after having shaken hands with M. Dalloz. That reminds me that he said one day about a man who had been raised to a high office, "He is no more fit for that post than I am to be a chemist, and I understand chemistry, for the matter of that." If M. Thiers did not absolutely believe himself immortal, he did not like to be reminded of his mortality. When his old friend, Charles de Rémusat, was dying, he said to M. Thiers, who stood by his bedside, "At our age the parting is not for long." M. Thiers turned away abruptly and left the room, saying to those who accompanied him to the door, "Poor Rémusat! A certain want of tact." M. de Falloux had the greatest admiration for M. Thiers's fertility of resource and power of interesting and persuasive speech. Since Voltaire, he says, French had not been spoken as Thiers spoke it. He believed, on the whole, in his patriotism up to the year 1870, but he thinks it broke down under the influence of a mean personal ambition when he deserted the Monarchical party and accepted the Republic as the form of government which divided Frenchmen least. But, though M. Thiers had the frankness to confess that it would be displeasing to him to become the second in a country after having been the first, there is some truth in his plea that the manifesto of the Comte de Chambord with respect to the white flag left for the moment no alternative. "I am accused," he said, "of wishing to found the Republic! Now I am free from all reproach. Henceforth no one will be able to deny that the true founder of the Republic is M. le Comte de Chambord."

Of the good nature and kindness of heart of Prince Louis Napoleon, M. de Falloux gives many instances. Though he knew something of the exact sciences he had little knowledge, he said, of men and things, and scarcely any of literature or art. He thought that the Duc de Luynes, a descendant of a Constable of the old Monarchy, was a Duke of the Empire. Being asked to write a line in an album, he wrote the well-known one of Voltaire, "Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux," appending to it the name "Racine." He had on occasion considerable force of repartee. One day King Jerome concluded a tirade of invective by saying to him, "You have nothing of the Emperor about you!" The Prince is said to have replied, "You are mistaken, my dear uncle, I have his family." Of his persistency in any project that he once adopted, M. de Falloux gives a curious illustration. The President was desirous of granting a complete amnesty to mark the date of his election, and was strongly opposed by the Ministers in Council. He listened without change of countenance to M. Barrot's objections, and then said calmly and deliberately, "I understand that this question must be adjourned. We will discuss something else!" The Ministers breathed again. The matter was settled. About a fortnight later M. Passy, after explaining the financial situation of the country, said "Everything will soon recover its equilibrium if the public regain confidence." "You are quite right, M. Passy," answered the President, "everything depends on the public confidence, and a country only shows confidence in a strong Government. The

* *Memoirs of Count de Falloux.* From the French. Edited by C. B. Pitman. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1888.

best sign of this strength would be the amnesty. It must be asked for at the same time as the vote for the Budget." M. Passy immediately declared that he would resign his portfolio if the Budget, which should heal wounds, were accompanied by an amnesty which would re-open them. "Ah! if that is your opinion," said the President good humouredly, "I leave it to you." When a few weeks later the Foreign Minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, described the foreign relations of France as a subject of anxiety, the President interposed, "You have not sufficiently indicated the means of overawing Europe. This might be done by showing that all our parties are reconciled, and as a pledge of the reconciliation proclaiming an amnesty." Being met by a unanimous outcry of dissent, the President said laughingly, "I see that the amnesty is decidedly not in favour with you all"; and the matter dropped.

The simple habits of the eminent lawyer and statesman, M. Dufaure, are well known. It was his practice to go to bed at a time when the evening usually begins with other men, and, rising at four or five in the morning, to light his fire and set to work. Forgetting or not knowing this, M. de Falloux called upon him at half-past nine in the evening to remonstrate with him on his determination not to join the Ministry of M. Odilon Barrot, which was then being modified, unless M. de Falloux, who was anxious to resign, retained his place in it. He rang repeatedly; but no one opened the door. At length a strange apparition presented itself. It was M. Dufaure "in slippers and night-shirt, with a coloured handkerchief tied in a great bow above his head. The whole effect was so comical that the recollection of it has never been effaced from my memory. I apologized for a visit which I had not supposed could be so inconvenient at that hour (half-past nine in the evening) to M. Dufaure; but, without any further explanation, he led me into his room, and went back to bed to discuss the matter." M. Dufaure was among the deputies arrested after the *Coup d'état*; but he obtained leave to go home to his wife, whose confinement was about to take place. "As soon as a son was born to him and all danger was over he came again to be a prisoner with us, like a genuine Regulus. We saw him arrive in the yard, carrying a little parcel wrapped up in a check handkerchief under his arm. We surrounded him and warmly congratulated him. For an instant he lost his morose air; but he soon became taciturn again, and remained so to the termination of our detention." Besides politicians and ecclesiastics—Berryer, Odilon Barrot, the elder M. Carnot, General Cavaignac, General Changarnier, Count Persigny, Lamartine, Montalembert, Bishop Dupanloup, Father Lacordaire, and others—all of whom M. de Falloux has curious stories to tell, we get glimpses in these pages of Talma, of Balzac, and of Eugène Sue. In England M. de Falloux made acquaintance with two very different men—the Duke of Wellington and O'Connell—finding himself much more in sympathy with the Irish agitator than with the English soldier and statesman. The demagogue in O'Connell was, for M. de Falloux, merged in the Catholic, and the Tory in the Duke of Wellington somewhat lost in the victor of Waterloo. The interest of these two interesting volumes consists rather in the side-lights they throw upon the characters and motives of great men than in their political disclosures, though these are not wanting. They are real contributions to history, and at the same time contributions to the literature of anecdote; and the general reader, whether he be much or little of a politician, will find them full of attraction. The translation, though showing signs of haste, and occasionally slovenly, is flowing and easily readable.

SOME FRENCH CARICATURISTS.*

THIS sumptuous and delightful summary of the merits of French caricature has the defect—common, for the rest, to all French publications of *grande allure*—of coming very easily to pieces. It is a fine, large, luxurious octavo, quite beautifully printed, and rich in some five hundred and fifty illustrations, eight of them in colour, and some forty of them *hors texte*. But to read it is impossible; the binder responsible for its production has gone wrong. One turns over some fifty pages, and there is a crack in the back of the book. One struggles on, and one compasses the hundred; and lo, and behold! the crack has increased and multiplied, and the volume is threatened with dissolution. One pursues one's quest; and, even as one advances, one's material gives way (so to speak) under one's feet. Between Delacourt and Carle Vernet there is a gap; Daumier and Gavarni are divided (as they never were in art) by an enormous schism; to pass from Henri Monnier to Grandville, or from Cham to Félix Régamey, one has to suffer any amount of torment in the way of breaks, and tearings, and ruinings. And when, at last, one reaches the end of one's journey, and one sits down replete with caricature—stuffed (that is) to the throat with the knowledge of what this person has done, and what new element that one has introduced, and how great an influence is Caricature, and what miserable wretches some caricaturists are—one essays to turn to one's book for confirmation of the theories one may (or may not) have made;

one reverts to a howling heap of waste paper. M. Grand-Carteret has done all that in him lay to make his work a success; his publishers have followed suit; and the result is that, once read, the book—a comely, an attractive, a satisfying "grand in-8vo." of near seven hundred pages—is reduced to the proportions of a mere heap of rubbish. The author has writ his best; the engravers have done their utmost; the printers have spared neither intelligence nor time upon their part of the work; and the outcome of their joint endeavour is something that sprawls across one's table like a loose, a dissipated, an immoral concertina. There can be no doubt that "*Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France*" is a capital subject; there can be no doubt that M. Grand-Carteret has treated it in such a way as to add considerably to our knowledge of it; and there can be still less that his binders have betrayed him, and that his work, however scholarly and however illuminating its effect, is *avorté* on the whole—in that it is altogether unfitted to the requirements of the practical reader.

In his opening chapters M. Grand-Carteret sketches the advance of caricature in France, from the earliest times, when it was merely symbolical, or *scatologique*, or both, to its apotheosis under the hands of the great artists in humour whose work—whether social or political, whether invention or observation—made Eighteen-Thirty a marking date in the art of caricature, even as the work of Hugo and Dumas made it a marking date in poetry and the drama and fiction, and as the orchestration of Berlioz and the colouring of Delacroix made it a date of dates in the history of music and painting. In this part of his work he is (it has to be admitted) far too chary of illustrations. We want a great many more examples of the rise and progress of caricature—from its rude and gross beginnings onwards—than he is prepared to give. It is useful enough to know (no doubt) that under Louis XIV. the function of caricature was practically naught: that none dared to satirize the Great King, or the Great King's habits and customs, and that the caricature of the epoch was distinguished by an inhumanity of sentiment, a timidity of expression, and a supersubtle quality of ingenuity in its means, that go far to make it ridiculous, from the point of view alike of history and art. But one would have liked to have examples on examples of this essential feebleness. After all, the instinct of caricature is tolerably universal, and not to study its least forcible and most elementary expressions is to be more or less unable to appreciate the majesty and vigour of its strongest and its most complete. In other words, it is not easy (to say the least) to properly admire the genius of Daumier unless one has considered the several processes by which that genius was evolved. Art, when all is said, is only imitation—imitation of reality, imitation of tradition, imitation of what is nearest and most sympathetic to the imitator. That Daumier should have sprung, like Athénès from the brain of Zeus, from the satirical consciousness of any epoch, is surely impossible; and what we want in a history of caricature is an account, not only in words, but in pictures, of the several stages of evolution through which the Art must of necessity pass ere such an Artist can begin to be. That is exactly what M. Grand-Carteret fails to give. He is philosophical, he is epigrammatic, he is eloquent, he is anything you please but literal and exact. He writes with any amount of effort and ambition; he knows his subject, and he knows it as it is known to not even Champfleury; he has seen that the comic history of events is, in its way, as true and as suggestive as the other; and he spares no pains to make his deductions plausible, and none to set forth his conclusions in terms that shall be irresistible. All the same, we should have vastly preferred a well-chosen selection from the nameless Dutch and English caricaturists who represent the beginnings of French caricature, to all the summaries, however witty and however bright, which M. Grand-Carteret has been able to achieve. The Daumier of the epoch of Charles X. and Louis-Philippe is, no doubt, a tremendous influence; and the innominates who "made hay" of Mazarin and Louvois and Colbert are, no doubt, a feeble folk and a dreary, and an unrepresentable to boot. But history is history. M. Grand-Carteret has neither written nor selected for the boarding-school. His book is addressed to students; or it means, and is, nothing. He might well have been content to be dull—or worse—for a certain number of pages. If he had, his work would have been much nearer completeness—and to his real public a great deal more valuable—than it is.

The truth is, however, that M. Grand-Carteret, for all his affectation of philosophy, whether moral or æsthetic, is far too keenly interested in caricature *per se*, and far too passionate an admirer of individual achievement, to do his subject anything like justice. Caricature, as he understands it, begins with Eighteen-Thirty. He has something (it is true) to say of the great satiric artists of the eighteenth century; he has something—not so much, but still an appreciable something—to tell us of their predecessors; he is by no means chary of details and conclusions derived from the study of the caricature of the Revolution, the Directory, the Return of Louis XVIII., the Hundred Days, and the Restoration. But, as we have said, his real interest in caricature begins with the beginnings of Romanticism. He can talk well enough of Carle Vernet and Debucourt; he is even alert enough to perceive, and remark, that there was a time (and we do not remember to have seen the conclusion elsewhere) when Rowlandson was an influence in France, and when the Frenchman caricatured the English in terms directly adapted from those in which the Englishman expressed his hatred for, and contempt of, the

* *Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France*. Par J. Grand-Carteret. London: Hachette; Paris: Librairie Illustrée. 1888.

French. But all this, one cannot but feel, is merely preliminary. What M. Grand-Carteret is genuinely anxious to come to is the efflorescence in caricature (as in everything else) of Eighteen-Thirty: is the brilliant literary talent of Gavarni, the savage irony of Decamps, the unwholesome, envious, unhealthy humour of Traviès, the cruel and prosaic bitterness of inquiry of Henri Monnier, the fantastic yet unalterable humanity of Grandville, the unique and brilliant gift of perversion of Dantan, and, above all, the incomparable achievement, in every branch of the art, of Honoré Daumier. These and their successors—Cham, Randon, Grévin, Bertall, Hadol, De Beaumont, Humbert, Stop, Doré, Crafty, Faustin, Régamey, Robida, Willette, André Gill—are the true heroes of his epic. They are near to him in time; and he understands them, and feels with them, and is able to say the right word about them. He abounds in illustrations of their peculiar talents, while for Debucourt, Saint-Aubin, Carle Vernet, Raffet, and the rest, he has little space or none. To him caricature is either modern, or it is nothing. He is right, of course; for, as we understand it, caricature, in France at least, is no older than the century. But he is also wrong; for caricature, in one or another form, is as old as civilization and society, and its beginnings are in many cases as interesting as its culminations. The nameless Dutchman who contrived elaborate emblems in dispraise of Louis XIV. is, in himself, immensely inferior to the Daumier of *Macaire* and *Les Divorceuses*, and *Les Gens de Justice*, and a hundred other great creations in the same enormous vein; but he has his place in the scheme of things, and not to represent him as he ought to be represented is to be merely partial, unscientific, unhistoric, and, in one word, inadequate.

For all this, M. Grand-Carteret has written (it has to be owned) and has put together (it is obvious) the best book on the subject with which we are acquainted. Among the good things in it we may mention his defence—triumphant in spite of a certain timidity—of Charlot against the paradoxes of Baudelaire (whose name, by the way, he generally spells with an “e” too many) and the cold negations of Champfleury; his analysis of the vast and varied work of Daumier; his account of Mayeux, the heroic Hunchback. Of his five hundred pictures we have said—by inference—enough. We could have wished the selection more comprehensive: could have wished it to include examples of some artists not easily accessible to the student, and to have been less prodigal of certain others between whom and the public there are no fences worth mentioning. Considered, however, for what it is, it is scarce to be surpassed. We might and do wish for other examples than M. Grand-Carteret has chosen to give; but of those which he has given there is scarce one that we could wish away.

CHRONICLES OF BOW STREET.*

THESE Chronicles, which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has carefully compiled from the records of Bow Street and the press, show how little, in essentials, the crime of past generations differs from that of our own time. The two Fieldings—the novelist, and his brother, “the blind magistrate,” Sir John—represent the most notable appointments at Bow Street in the early days. By their initiative, their unflinching energy and courage, they introduced the new order of things which ultimately led to our improved Metropolitan Police system. London, in their time, was infested with daring and determined gangs of robbers, and they grappled fearlessly with the evil until it was removed. It is interesting to note just now, when such a clamour in favour of Government rewards is being made, that such a policy tended to increase crime rather than to assist in its detection. Sir John Fielding, in the record he kept, describes how, when the King issued his proclamation offering 100*l.* reward for the apprehension of one of the gang, “though humanely intended as a remedy for the evil,” tactics of the kind only led to certain villains decoying “unwary and ignorant wretches” into committing robberies, and then giving them up and claiming the money. It was owing to the new difficulties thus caused that the Duke of Newcastle called in Henry Fielding’s aid; and the experiences which enabled the novelist to produce *Jonathan Wild* were in this connexion turned to good account. He applied for the sum of 600*l.* with which to enable him to make a clean sweep of the town, and within a few days of the payment of 200*l.* seven cut-throats were in custody, and the streets cleared of desperadoes. This prompt and vigorous action of Fielding’s is the more remarkable because the work of a dying man. He had prevented the revival of rewards, which had previously cost the Government several thousand pounds in a single year; he had demonstrated that proclamations of the kind multiplied the number of crimes, and he had suppressed the evil at the small cost of 300*l.* The secret of his success remains a secret still; for he does not appear to have recorded in what manner he achieved these things with so little ado and in so short a space of time. No doubt, in a sanguine mood, he overrated the effect he had produced; for, soon after his retirement, his brother had a gang not much less formidable to deal with. His plan of operations, that of harrying the enemy in his den, and cutting off the source

of supply, was probably based on his predecessor’s. In any case it succeeded, as did, indeed, most of the undertakings of this most remarkable man in his office of police magistrate. His advice to the public, printed on a sheet and in the form of *Cautions*, reveals a varied knowledge of thieves’ tricks and rogues, and abounds in touches of sly humour. He specially warns the unwary of what he calls “sky farmers,” a species of adventurers, dressed up in the best style, who carefully corroborate the complaints of their accomplices, who, in the part of suffering and luckless farmers, pour out a doleful tale.

It is probably not generally known that to this magistrate the public is indebted for the system of patrols which now forms so important a division of our police. But, though admitted to be of great benefit to the community, he was not encouraged to develop the plan beyond the appointment of the ludicrously small number of thirteen “parties.” It, however, led early in the century to the more extended organizations, the “Bow Street Horse Patrol,” a body composed of retired cavalry soldiers, the “Police Dismounted Horse Patrol,” and the “Day Patrol” introduced by Mr. Peel in 1822. It is remarkable that these forces, not one of which numbered more than eighty men, were sufficient for the preservation of order. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, classifies them as representing the preventive element, and shows, in an entertaining chapter, how the magistrates looked for their success to the more important detective class, the famous Bow Street Runners. The eccentricities of this odd class are familiar to all of us through the pages of Dickens, and certain old-fashioned plays which would seem incomplete without the presiding influence of these popular exponents of justice. The most remarkable of these men was Townsend, who, according to Captain Gronow, “was a sort of privileged person and could say what he liked.” By dint of insolence, cunning, and a certain vulgar wit, he raised himself from being a costermonger to the top of his profession; was on familiar terms with George III. and the Duke of Clarence; and at one time he made himself indispensable at fashionable gatherings as the guardian of ladies’ jewels, when no guardianship was needed. Among many stories which Mr. Fitzgerald tells of this character, one at least, as a sample of cockney pertness and assurance, is worth quoting:—

About five days before his death, allusion being made to the peculiar cut of his hat, the old officer said:—“That hat, sir, was given to me by George IV., God rest his soul.” “Well, but Townsend,” said the gentleman, “I thought it had been your own cut.” “God bless your soul, and so it was; the King took his cut from mine, and many times used to say, that till that time he never looked like a gentleman.”

But, though a more conspicuous figure, Townsend did not excel in alertness, daring, and invention his contemporaries Vickery, Ruthven, and Keys, of whose exploits an interesting account is given in these volumes, as well as of the system which superseded these representatives of a useful but corrupt class.

It must be confessed that Mr. Fitzgerald’s chapters on the “Runners,” the police system, office eccentricities, and cognate subjects, though they by no means form the most important sections of his work, are by far the most pleasant reading. Of the detailed chronicles of crime, in all its hideous forms, we have more than enough in the daily press without recalling the particulars of the Greenwich tragedy, the murder of Weare, the murder of the Italian boy, the Waterloo Bridge mystery, or of the careers of Müller and De Tourville. Records of these horrors and more there are in plenty for those who care to read them; and we do not think it was either necessary or appropriate to reproduce them in a form obviously intended for popular reading.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH a history of French Literature in English is not strictly French literature itself, there can hardly be much impropriety in noticing it under this head, especially when it is the work of a Frenchman (1). The absence of any preface, and the presence of a very large number of curiously unfortunate misprints, may lead us reasonably to suppose that this was a last, and perhaps a not fully completed, work of its author. In it M. Masson endeavoured, not without success, to give an account, first, of the various elements which helped to build up the French language and French literature; next, of the earliest monuments and specimens in different branches and kinds of that literature and language. To this matter he has added an appendix, which, perhaps, on a very severe system might be ruled out, but which is interesting and even important enough in itself, on the various *patois* and dialects of France—this appendix, as well as the body of the book, being copiously illustrated by extracts accompanied by translations. To the body of the book itself a slight objection may be taken, to the effect that the *terminus ad quem* is rather mistily fixed; but this is not a matter of much importance. The chapters devoted to the “origins” or sources of the language put in a sufficiently clear and, for general purposes, a sufficiently exhaustive fashion the most modern facts and theories as to the process of formation of the language and the proportionate contributions of various elder languages to its substance and form. Perhaps a little too much space has been given to Basque, which has hardly more representatives in

* *Chronicles of Bow Street Police Office, with an Account of the Magistrates, Runners, and Police, and a Selection of the Most Interesting Cases.* By Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall.

(1) *The Dawn of European Literature—French Literature.* By Gustave Masson. London: S.P.C.K.

modern or in any French than Algonquin or Caribbee; but no doubt something had to be said about it. When M. Masson comes to literature he seems to us to have made a slight mistake by endeavouring to keep up his distinction of "elements." It is at the best a rather hazardous theorizing which puts the *Voyage à Jérusalem* under the head "Latin Element," and the *Chanson de Roland* under the head "Teutonic Element," neither do we perceive any great advantage, nor, we may add, any solid authority, for classing under the former head the Laws of William the Conqueror. It is a far safer plan to enter as little as possible into these exceedingly doubtful questions of origin and race-influence, and to take the certain and indisputable divisions and classes of the literature as we find it. However, M. Masson had many precedents for his style of treatment, and he contrived to put together in this little book a very great deal of information which is not easily to be obtained in any other single volume elsewhere, by the large class of English readers who now demand popularizations of the results of recent inquiry.

If not the most, certainly not the least, noteworthy thing about M. Rod's volume of essays (2) is the frank fashion in which he has avoided an attempt at giving an air of fictitious or factitious unity to his reprint. This is, we think, rather wise; for the contrary proceeding is almost invariably a useless sop to Cerberus—the Cerberus who growls at reprints of essays, or, in other words, at the works of Lamb, Hazlitt, Macaulay, Sainte-Beuve, and a few other obscure and tedious writers. M. Rod writes about boetry and bainting and bolitics, and many other things, without apologizing or needing to apologize for their variety. The most ambitious, and perhaps the best, essay is the opening one on Leopardi, which gives the book a sub-title. For some reason or other Leopardi has been rather neglected in England, very little critical writing of any importance having been devoted to him. M. Rod points out, without any savagery, but, on the contrary, with considerable forbearance, the very small value of the poet's pessimism as a "criticism of life." He says, truly enough, that Leopardi "n'a jamais vécu." A recluse, a valetudinarian, a hypochondriac, a brooder over almost purely imaginary love affairs, which never, even when not purely imaginary, in a single case came to anything serious; unhappy in his family, and bearing family tyranny with an effeminate patience; later a kind of protégé of friends; never enjoying any active or virile participation in politics or affairs—he was but a sorry specimen of mankind, despite his command of poetical form. Indeed, M. Rod does not, we think, go far enough in connecting his pessimism with his fate. But the essay is a good one, and, in their different ways, those on such very different subjects as Wagner, Victor Hugo, the English Præ-Raphaelites, and the Italian "verist" romancers are good likewise.

There are few greater consolations than M. Jouaust's (3) admirable reprints of classics to the painful reviewer in brief of French publications, and we welcome warmly the new volume of the single play edition of Molière, with M. Leloir's illustrations (charming etchings, but we think Marinette was a prettier girl than that, M. Leloir) and M. Vitu's notes. The fourth volume (third of the *Romances*) of M. Bengesco's selected works of Voltaire, if a little less luxuriously equipped, is equally well printed, and perhaps even better edited. It does not contain any of the absolute masterpieces of this class, but there are parts of *L'homme aux quarante écus* which are not inferior to anything that Voltaire ever wrote.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE treatment and prevention of crime is one of the most difficult and complex of questions. The subject is one upon which "doctors disagree" both in practice and theory, as Mr. William Tallack observes in the preface to his interesting, though extremely discursive, volume, *Penological and Preventive Principles* (Wertheimer, Lea, & Co.). Mr. Tallack has collected a vast amount of curious information respecting the prisons and prison systems of the principal European countries and the United States. He also treats of various schemes for the diminution of crime, pauperism, and intemperance; of reformatories and industrial schools; of judicial sentences, education, police and criminal statistics. As secretary to a philanthropical Society—the Howard Association—it is natural that the efforts of philanthropists should occupy a large portion of Mr. Tallack's book. But the author makes a courageous attempt to avoid the extremes of the maudlin sentimentality of one school of philanthropy and the narrow zeal of doctrinaire reformers. Much of the complexity of the question discussed is due to the mischievous action of feather-headed philanthropy and experimental reforms. "Spurious charity at other people's expense," as Mr. Tallack calls the too-extensive provision of refuges, founding hospitals, and the like, and the excessive laxity of certain newfangled reformatory systems, are obstacles of incalculable evil to the prevention of crime and pauperism. The most valuable feature of the present volume is the striking and abundant illustration it supplies of "the means defeating the end," of so-called preventive remedies that are in reality insidious encouragement of vice and

improvidence. Mr. Tallack is an earnest advocate of brief terms of "cellular separation," and it must be owned, his views are greatly strengthened by the reports of prison management in countries where this system, as defined by Mr. Tallack, is almost or entirely unknown. The accounts he gives of many prisons in the United States are certainly both amazing and repellent to common sense and experience. Nowhere does crazy experiment in prison reform so flourish as in America. Here is the happy hunting-ground of the doctrinaire and the ardent humanitarian. The description of the much-praised "model" prison at Elmira, N. Y., is like an extravagance of Mr. Anstey's lively invention or a new illustration of the benign rule of Captain Reece, commander of the *Mantelpiece*. No wonder is it that Mr. Tallack stigmatizes the "indulgences at Elmira" to murderers and burglars as a "real cruelty to the lives, limbs, and security of the millions of honest persons in the community at large."

Musical Memories, by William Spark, Mus.Doc. &c. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a pleasantly written, gossipy, and decidedly scrappy book of reminiscences of a large number of distinguished persons in the world of music. Dr. Spark has apparently drawn sparingly on his stores. It was hardly necessary, too, to particularize the birth, parentage, and juvenile essays in music of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Meyerbeer, and the rest, together with other information common to all biographical dictionaries. However, Dr. Spark knows how to tell a good story, and has not a few, new and old, to tell; while the tone of his book is so invariably cheerful and good-natured that the promise of further recollections hinted at in the preface will, we hope, be fulfilled. Of his old master, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, he writes with becoming enthusiasm. It was he who spoke of Sterndale Bennett as "Mendelssohn and water"—a judgment which Dr. Spark hastens to correct by the late Mr. J. W. Davison's juster criticism. Wesley used to tell how his father, "old Sam," was once playing the "Hallelujah Chorus" as a voluntary on a newly-improved organ, using the pedals considerably, and was suddenly stopped by the organ-blower giving up twenty bars from the end. When the organ-blower was remonstrated with, the answer came, "Do you think that I have blown this here organ for twenty-five years come Michaelmas and don't know how many strokes go to the 'Hallelujah Chorus'?"

Whether the "literature of travel" gains much by *A Trip Round the World*, by W. S. Caine, M.P. (Routledge & Sons), depends altogether upon what is meant by the phrase. There is a literature of travel and there are books of travel that are not literature. Mr. Caine's volume is in several respects pleasanter reading than the majority of the latter. It is full of good advice to those about to travel, of fairly effective description, keen observation, and the always agreeable art of facile progression, which, if not always exhilarating, carries us along with reasonable celerity. You begin to wonder why Mr. Caine should have the heart to leave America just as that amusing country Japan swims into your ken. And so it is with Mr. Caine's experience in China, in Ceylon, in India. The fact is, Mr. Caine's enjoyment of his voyage is so heartily manifest that he must be a crabbed reader who does not respond with a measure of sympathy. Sometimes, it is true, the shadow of temperance—or intemperance—statistics falls over the reader, but this may easily be dodged.

The Emperor's Diary, by Henry W. Lucy (Routledge & Sons), is a little book for the great uninformed who may be supposed to be beyond the reach of newspapers. It comprises the extracts from the alleged Diary printed in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, with Prince Bismarck's letter on the same, and a reprint of the older Diary of 1866, on what Mr. Lucy rather oddly calls "the Austro-German War."

The new reprint of Shelley's minor poems in "Routledge's Pocket Library" is inaccurately entitled Shelley's *Early Poems*, for it includes lyrics written in 1814 and others written in 1822, the year of the poet's death. The text, however, appears to be correct, and type, paper, and binding are excellent.

Mr. F. Noël Paton edits *Chaucer Selected* (Walter Scott) in the "Canterbury Poets" series, the principle of selection being the bad new one of mangling and mingling.

There is a good choice of pieces in verse and prose for the reciter who desires new matter for his programme in Mr. Leopold Wagner's compilation, *Humorous Readings and Recitations* (Warne & Co.).

What the Gospel has Done for the Working Classes (Wells Gardner & Co.) is a question by no means exhaustively treated by Mr. A. R. Cook in some fifty small pages of inconclusive rambling.

We have received *Rock-bearing Crystals*, by Frank Rutley, F.G.S. (Thomas Murby); an *Abridgment of Mommsen's History of the Roman Republic*, edited by Messrs. C. Bryant and F. J. R. Hendy (Bentley); *The Australian Irrigation Colonies on the River Murray*, an illustrated guide to colonists and emigrants (Chaffey Brothers); *Transactions of the Chartered Accountants' Students' Society*; *Reminiscences of Old Times*, by "A Nominee of Bishop Huntingford" (Bell & Sons); and *The Leper*, a poem, by James Ross (Bristol: Arrowsmith).

Among new editions we have Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* (Macmillan & Co.); *The Heir of Redclyffe*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.); the fifth and enlarged edition of Mr. Alexander Ireland's *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*, illustrated by Gilbert Gaul (Chatto & Windus);

(2) *Etudes sur le dixième siècle*—Giacomo Leopardi. Par E. Rod. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Molière—Le dépit amoureux. Voltaire—Œuvres choisies. Tome iv.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

Poetical Works &c. of Edgar A. Poe, edited by J. H. Ingram, "Chandos Classics" series (Warne); *The Story of Our Colonies*, by H. R. Fox Bourne (Hogg); *Mrs. Keith's Crime*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (Fisher Unwin), and the second volume of *My Novel*, in the "Pocket Volume" edition of Lord Lytton's novels (Routledge).

In the article on Mr. Venables in the last number of the SATURDAY REVIEW a confusion of dates was made, and overlooked, in reference to the Crimean War and the first number of this Review. The Battle of Inkerman was, of course, fought on November 5, 1854, not 1855, and the first number of the SATURDAY REVIEW appeared on November 3, not November 1, 1855.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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October 12, 1888.

ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., Registrar.

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